





RURAL TALES,
AND
WILD FLOWERS.



THE
POEMS
OF
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

VOL. II.

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RURAL TALES,  
AND  
WILD FLOWERS.  
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PREFACE.

WHAT now forms the first part of this Volume, was published in 1802 under the title of 'Rural Tales,' and the remainder in 1806 under the name of 'Wild Flowers.' Several pieces in the first collection, which the Public have sanctioned by a long and generous approbation, were written before the publication of the 'Farmer's Boy;' and consequently before I had friends to thank, or failures to dread. The original MSS. of these Poems are now in my possession, and I find therein, that seven years ago, I made memorandums which are now useful. Two or three of these detached sentences, as they are unvarnished truths, may afford amusement.—

“Remember having a great conceit of the 'Miller's Maid;'—but of 'Richard and Kate' I expected to hear a different account; was afraid it

might be *too low*, as the critics call it, though for the life of me I can't tell what they mean by it. - - - -
 - - - - - Began to think of the pleasure of an old couple meeting their grown-up children, and accordingly composed, or rather they composed themselves, the stanzas containing Richard's speech to his Sons and Daughters, which always pleased me best of any in the Ballad; I then began the opening of the Ballad, and filled up the chinks; for I had arranged two or three stanzas descriptive of their journey, particularly the ninth and tenth."

"When I began the 'Miller's Maid' I had no thought of making so long, or so good, a story of it. Had not thought of any plot or developement, but first of all wrote the girl's story, to try how far I could make a child's language touch my own feelings. The execrable usage of some Workhouse-Children, as stated in the newspapers, gave the thought at first. This plan was enlarged till it became the favourite of my heart, and cost me more tears than all the rest."

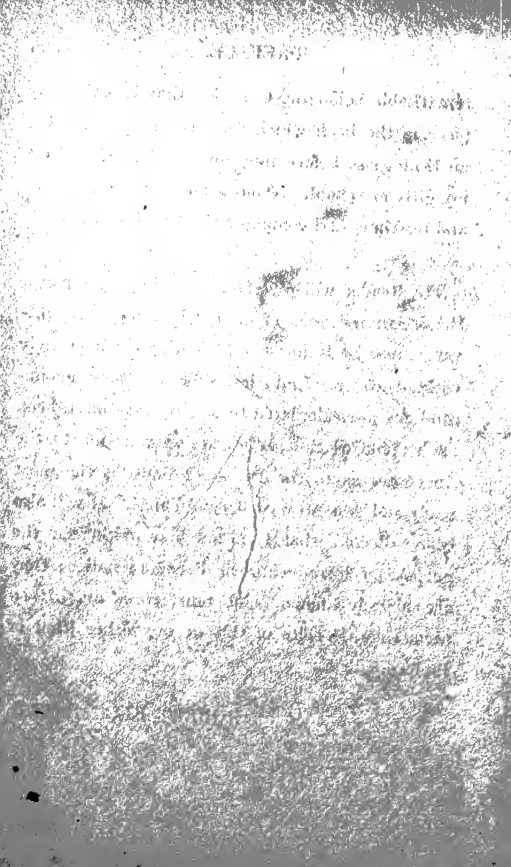
"The Widow," though it stands next in the printed copies, was not written next; it has nothing

remarkable belonging to it, but that it is the only piece in the book which was written quick. Had an Hour-glass before me; my wife singing softly; my girls at school. Made a shoe between dinner and tea-time, and composed the 'Widow' beside."

The Reader will perceive, from these specimens, the design and tenor of my entries; they were private: and he is not troubled with them entirely without cause. Inquiries, such as these memorandums are calculated to satisfy, have often been made; and as the parties are as welcome to the Anecdotes as to the Poems, I find this the most ready and general way of compliance. It will also be recollected, that I am not here writing for the purpose of introducing the Poems to notice; they are already known, and must *stand or fall by themselves*, in spite of this or any other kind of Preface.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

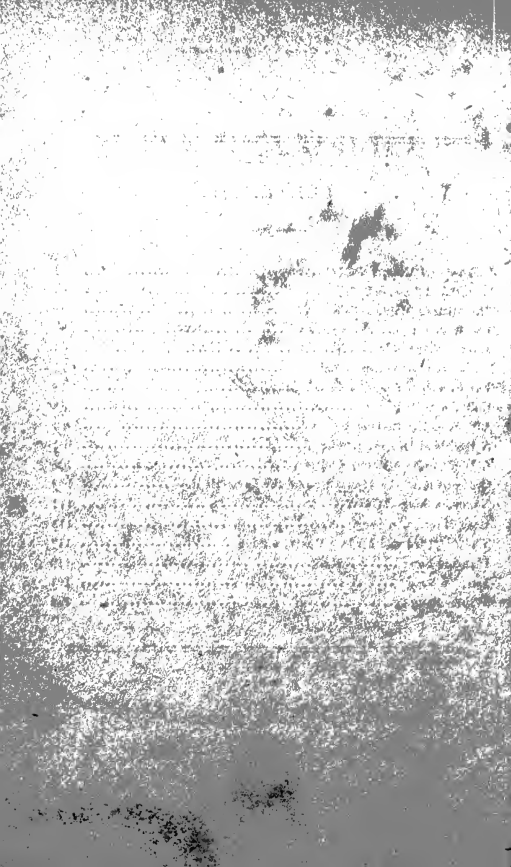
City Road, March, 1800



RURAL TALES.

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RICHARD AND KATE;

OR,

FAIR-DAY.

A SUFFOLK BALLAD.

I.

- ‘ COME, Goody, stop your humdrum wheel,
‘ Sweep up your orts, and get your hat ;
‘ Old joys reviv’d once more I feel,
‘ ’Tis Fair-day ;—ay, *and more than that.*

II.

- ‘ Have you forgot, KATE, prithee say,
‘ How many Seasons here we’ve tarried ?
‘ ’Tis *Forty* years, this very day,
‘ Since you and I, old Girl, were *married!*

The Deliberation.

III.

‘ Look out ; the Sun shines warm and bright,
‘ The Stiles are low, the Paths all dry ;
‘ I know you cut your corns last night .
‘ Come ; be as free from care as I.

IV.

‘ For I’m resolv’d once more to see
‘ That place where we so often met ;
‘ Though few have had more cares than we,
‘ We’ve none just now to make us fret.’

V.

KATE scorn’d to damp the generous flame
That warm’d her aged Partner’s breast :
Yet, ere determination came,
She thus some trifling doubts express’d :

Difficulties—Consent.

VI.

‘ Night will come on ; when seated snug,
 ‘ And you’ve perhaps begun some tale,
 ‘ Can you then leave your dear stone mug ;
 ‘ Leave all the folks, and all the ale ?’

VII.

‘ Ay, KATE, I wool ;—because I know,
 ‘ Though time has been we both could run,
 ‘ Such days are gone and over now ;—
 ‘ I only mean to see the fun.’

VIII.

She straight slipp’d off the Wall and Band,
 And laid aside her Lucks and Twitches :
 And to the Hutch she reach’d her hand,
 And gave him out his Sunday Breeches.

The Walk to the Fair.

IX.

His Mattock he behind the door
And Hedging-gloves again replac'd ;
And look'd across the yellow Moor,
And urg'd his tott'ring Spouse to haste.

X.

The day was up, the air serene,
The Firmament without a cloud ;
The Bee humm'd o'er the level green,
Where knots of trembling Cowslips bow'd.

XI.

And RICHARD thus, with heart elate,
As past things rush'd across his mind,
Over his shoulder talk'd to KATE,
Who, snug tuckt up, walk'd slow behind.

Discourse on past Days.

XII.

‘ When once a giggling Mawther you,
 ‘ And I a red-fac’d chubby Boy,
 ‘ Sly tricks you play’d me not a few ;
 ‘ For mischief was your greatest joy.

XIII.

‘ Once, passing by this very Tree,
 ‘ A Gotch of Milk I’d been to fill,
 ‘ You shoulder’d me ; then laugh’d to see
 ‘ Me and my Gotch spin down the Hill.’

XIV.

‘ ‘Tis true,’ she said ; ‘ But here behold,
 ‘ And marvel at the course of Time ;
 ‘ Though you and I are both grown old,
 ‘ This Tree is only in its prime !’

The Arrival.

XV.

‘ Well, Goody, don’t stand preaching now ;
‘ Folks don’t preach Sermons at a FAIR :
‘ We’ve rear’d Ten *Boys* and *Girls* you know ;
‘ And I’ll be bound they’ll all be there.’

XVI.

Now friendly nods and smiles had they,
From many a kind *Fair-going* face :
And many a pinch KATE gave away,
While RICHARD kept his usual pace.

XVII.

‘ At length arriv’d amidst the throng,
‘ *Grand-children* bawling hemm’d them round ;
And dragg’d them by the skirts along
Where gingerbread bestrew’d the ground.

Country Sports.

XVIII.

And soon the aged couple spy'd
Their lusty *Sons*, and *Daughters* dear :—
When RICHARD thus exulting cried,
' Did'nt I tell you they'd be here ?'

XIX.

The cordial greetings of the soul
Were visible in every face :
Affection, void of all controul,
Govern'd with a resistless grace,

XX.

'Twas good to see the honest strife,
Which should contribute most to please ;
And hear the long-recounted life,
'Of infant tricks, and happy days.

Recollections.

XXI.

But now, as at some nobler places,
Amongst the Leaders 'twas decreed
Time to begin the DICKY RACES;
More fam'd for laughter than for speed.

XXII.

RICHARD look'd on with wond'rous glee,
And prais'd the Lad who chanc'd to win;
' KATE, wa'n't I such a one as he?
' As like him, ay, as pin to pin.'

XXIII.

' Full *Fifty* years are pass'd away
' Since I rode this same ground about;
' Lord! I was lively as the day!
' I won the High-lows out and out!'

The Departure.

XXIV.

‘ I’m surely growing young again :
‘ I feel myself so kedge and plump.
‘ From head to foot I’ve not one pain ;
‘ Nay, hang me if I cou’dn’t jump.’

XXV.

Thus spoke the ALE in RICHARD’s pate,
A very little made him mellow ;
But still he lov’d his faithful KATE,
Who whisper’d thus, ‘ My good old fellow,’

XXVI.

‘ Remember what you promis’d me
‘ And see, the Sun is getting low ;
‘ The Children want an hour ye see
‘ To talk a bit before we go.’

Parental and filial Feelings.

XXVII.

Like youthful Lover most complying
He turn'd, and chuckt her by the chin :
Then all across the green grass hying,
Right merry faces, all akin.

XXVIII.

Their farewell quart, beneath a tree
That droop'd its branches from above,
Awak'd the pure felicity
That waits upon PARENTAL LOVE.

XXIX.

KATE view'd her blooming Daughters round,
And Sons, who shook her wither'd hand :
Her features spoke what joy she found ;
But utterance had made a stand.

An old Man's Joy.

XXX.

The Children toppled on the green,
And bowl'd their *fairings* down the hill;
RICHARD with pride beheld the scene,
Nor could he for his life sit still.

XXXI.

A Father's uncheck'd feelings gave
A tenderness to all he said;
' My Boys, how proud am I to have
' My name thus round the country spread !

XXXII.

' Through all my days I've labour'd hard,
' And could of pains and crosses tell;
' But this is Labour's great reward,
' To meet ye thus, and see ye well.'

An old Man's Joy continued.

XXXIII.

' My good old Partner, when at home,
' Sometimes with wishes mingles tears ;
' Goody, says I, let what wool come,
' We've nothing for them but our pray'rs.

XXXIV.

' May you be all as old as I,
' And see your Sons to manhood grow ;
' And, many a time before you die,
' Be just as pleas'd as I am now.'

XXXV.

Then, (raising still his Mug and Voice,)
' An Old Man's weakness don't despise !
' I love you well, my Girls and Boys ;
' God bless you all ;'—so said his eyes—

The Return home.

XXXVI.

For as he spoke, a big round drop
Fell, bounding on his ample sleeve ;
A witness which he could not stop,
A witness which all hearts believe.

XXXVII.

Thou, FILIAL PIETY, wert there ;
And round the ring, benignly bright,
Dwelt in the luscious half-shed tear,
And in the parting word—*Good Night !*

XXXVIII.

With thankful Hearts and strengthen'd Love,
The poor old PAIR, supremely blest,
Saw the Sun sink behind the grove,
And gain'd once more their lowly rest.

THE HISTORY OF THE

CHAPTER I

The first thing that I saw when I came to the city of London was a great many people. Some of them were men, some were women, and some were children. They were all dressed in very fine clothes, and they were all looking at me with great interest. I was very nervous, but I tried to be brave. I went to the market, and I saw many things that I had never seen before. There were many different kinds of food, and there were many different kinds of goods. I was very happy to see all these things, and I was very happy to see all these people. I was very happy to be in London.

I was very happy to be in London. I was very happy to see all these things, and I was very happy to see all these people. I was very happy to be in London.

WALTER AND JANE;

OR,

THE POOR BLACKSMITH.

A COUNTRY TALE.

BRIGHT was the summer sky, the mornings gay,
And Jane was young and cheerful as the Day.
Not yet to Love but Mirth she paid her vows;
And Echo mock'd her as she call'd her Cows.
Tufts of green Broom, that full in blossom vied,
And grac'd with spotted gold the upland side,
The level fogs o'erlook'd; too high to share;
So lovely JANE o'erlook'd the clouds of Care;

Jane....v. 9.

No meadow-flow'r rose fresher to the view,
That met her morning footsteps in the dew ;
Where, if a nodding stranger ey'd her charms,
The blush of innocence was up in arms,
Love's random glances struck th' unguarded mind,
And Beauty's magic made him look behind.

Duly as morning blush'd or twilight came,
Secure of greeting smiles and Village fame,
She pass'd the Straw-roof'd Shed, in ranges where
Hung many a well-turn'd Shoe and glitt'ring *Share*;
Where WALTER, as the charmer tripp'd along,
Would stop his roaring Bellows and his Song.—

Dawn of affection ; Love's delicious sigh !
Caught from the lightnings of a speaking eye,
That lead'st the heart to rapture or to woe,
'Twas WALTER's fate thy madd'ning power to know ;
And scarce to know, ere in its infant twine,
As the Blast shakes the tendrils of the Vine,

The Separation....v. 27.

The budding bliss that full of promise grew
The chilling blight of separation knew.
Scarce had he told his heart's unquiet case,
And JANE to shun him ceas'd to mend her pace,
And learnt to listen trembling as he spoke,
And fondly judge his words beyond a joke ;
When, at the Goal that bounds our prospects here,
JANE's widow'd Mistress ended her career :
Blessings attended her divided store,
The Mansion sold, (JANE's peaceful home no more,)
A distant village own'd her for its Queen,
Another service, and another scene ;
But could another scene so pleasing prove,
Twelve weary miles from WALTER and from Love ?
The Maid grew thoughtful : yet to Fate resign'd,
Knew not the worth of what she'd left behind.

He, when at eve releas'd from toil and heat,
Soon miss'd the smiles that taught his heart to beat,

The Lover's Journey....v. 35.

Each sabbath-day of late was wont to prove
Hope's liberal feast, the holiday of Love :
But now, upon his spirit's ebbing strength
Came each dull hour's intolerable length.
The next had scarcely dawn'd when WALTER hied
O'er hill and dale, Affection for his guide :
O'er the brown Heath his pathless journey lay,
Where screaming Lapwings hail'd the op'ning day.
High rose the Sun, the anxious Lover sigh'd ;
His slipp'ry soles bespoke the dew was dried :
Her last farewell hung fondly on his tongue
As o'er the tufted Furze elate he sprung ;
Trifling impediments ; his heart was light,
For Love and Beauty glow'd in fancy's sight ;
And soon he gaz'd on JANE's enchanting face,
Renew'd his passion,—but destroy'd his peace.
Truth, at whose shrine he bow'd, inflicted pain ;
And Conscience whisper'd, "*never come again.*"

Self-denial....v. 63.

For now, his tide of gladness to oppose,
A clay-cold damp of doubts and fears arose ;
Clouds, which involve, midst Love and Reason's strife,
The poor man's prospect when he takes a wife.
Though gay his journeys in the Summer's prime,
Each seem'd the repetition of a crime ;
He never left her but with many a sigh,
When ^{his} tears stole down his face, she knew not why.
Severe his task those visits to forego,
And feed his heart with voluntary woe,
Yet this he did ; the wan Moon circling found
His evenings cheerless, and his rest unsound ;
And saw th' unquenched flame his bosom swell :
What were his doubts, thus let the Story tell.

A month's sharp conflict only serv'd to prove
The pow'r, as well as truth, of WALTER's love.
Absence more strongly on his mind pourtray'd
His own sweet, injur'd, unoffending Maid.

The renew'd Journey....v. 81.

Once more he'd go ; full resolute awhile,
But heard his native bells on every stile ;
The sound recall'd him with a pow'ful charm,
The Heath wide open'd, and the day was warm ;
There, where a bed of tempting green he found,
Increasing anguish weigh'd him to the ground ;
His well-grown limbs the scatter'd Daisies press'd,
While his clinch'd hand fell heavy on his breast.

‘ Why do I go in cruel sport to say,
“ I love thee, JANE, appoint the happy day ?”
‘ Why seek her sweet ingenuous reply,
‘ Then grasp her hand and proffer—poverty ?
‘ Why, if I love her and adore her name,
‘ Why act like time and sickness on her frame ?
‘ Why should my scanty pittance nip her prime,
‘ And chase away the Rose before its time ?
‘ I’m young, ’tis true ; the world beholds me free ;
‘ Labour ne’er show’d a frightful face to me ;

Love and Prudence....v. 99.

‘ Nature’s first wants hard labour *should* supply ;
‘ But should it fail, ’twill be too late to fly.
‘ Some Summers hence, if nought our loves annoy,
‘ The image of my JANE may lisp her joy ;
‘ Or, blooming boys with imitative swing
‘ May mock my arm, and make the Anvil ring ;
‘ Then if in rags—But, O my heart, forbear,—
‘ I love the Girl, and why should I despair ?
‘ And that I love her all the village knows ;
‘ Oft from my pain the mirth of others flows ;
‘ As when a neighbour’s Steed with glancing eye
‘ Saw his par’d hoof supported on my thigh :
‘ JANE pass’d that instant ; mischief came of course ;
‘ I drove the nail awry and lam’d the Horse ;
‘ The poor beast limp’d : I bore a Master’s frown,
‘ A thousand times I wish’d the wound my own.
‘ When to these tangling thoughts I’ve been resign’d,
‘ Fury or languor has possess’d my mind,

Recollections....v. 117.

‘ All eyes have star’d, I’ve blown a blast so strong ;
‘ Forgot to smite at all, or smote too long.
‘ If at the Ale-house door, with careless glee,
‘ One drinks to JANE, and darts a look on me ;
‘ I feel that blush which her dear name will bring,
‘ I feel :—but, guilty Love, ’tis not thy sting !
‘ Yet what are jeers? the bubbles of an hour ;
‘ JANE knows what Love can do, and feels its pow’r ;
‘ In her mild eye fair Truth her meaning tells ;
‘ ’Tis not in looks like hers that falsehood dwells.
‘ As water shed upon a dusty way
‘ I’ve seen midst downward pebbles devious stray ;
‘ If kindred drops an adverse channel keep,
‘ The crystal friends toward each other creep ;
‘ Near, and still nearer, rolls each little tide,
‘ Th’ expanding mirror swells on either side :
‘ They touch—’tis done—receding bound’ries fly,
‘ An instantaneous union strikes the eye :

The Interview....v. 135.

‘ So ’tis with us : for JANE would be my bride ;

‘ Shall coward fears then turn the bliss aside ?’

While thus he spoke he heard a gentle sound,

That seem’d a jarring footstep on the ground :

Asham’d of grief, he bade his eyes uncloze,

And shook with agitation as he rose ;

All unprepar’d the sweet surprise to bear,

His heart beat high, for JANE herself was there.—

Flusht was her cheek ; she seem’d the full-blown flower

For warmth gave loveliness a double power ;

Round her fair brow the deep confusion ran,

A waving handkerchief became her fan,

Her lips, where dwelt sweet love and smiling ease

Puff’d gently back the warm assailing breeze.

‘ I’ve travell’d all these weary miles with pain,

‘ To see my native village once again ;

‘ And show my true regard for neighbour *Hind* ;

‘ Not like you, WALTER, *she* was always kind.’

Resentment and Tenderness....v. 153.

'Twas thus, each soft sensation laid aside,
She buoy'd her spirits up with maiden pride ;
Disclaim'd her love, e'en while she felt the sting ;
' What, come for *Walter's* sake !' 'Twas no such thing.
But when astonishment his tongue releas'd,
Pride's usurpation in an instant ceas'd :
By force he caught her hand as passing by,
And gaz'd upon her half-averted eye ;
His heart's distraction, and his boding fears
She heard, and answer'd with a flood of tears ;
Precious relief ; sure friends that forward press
To tell the mind's unspeakable distress.
Ye Youths, whom crimson'd health and genuine fire
Bear joyous on the wings of young desire,
Ye, who still bow to Love's almighty sway,
What could true passion, what could *WALTER* say ?
Age, tell me true, nor shake your locks in vain,
Tread back your paths, and be in love again ;

Visit to a Friend....v. 171

In your young days did such a favouring hour
Show you the littleness of WEALTH and POW'R,
Advent'rous climbers of the Mountain's brow,
While Love, their master, spreads his couch below.
"My dearest JANE," the untaught WALTER cried,
As, half repell'd, he pleaded by her side ;
"My dearest JANE, think of me as you may"—
Thus—still unutter'd what he strove to say,
They breath'd in sighs the anguish of their minds,
And took the path that led to neighbour *Hind's*.

A secret joy the well-known roof inspir'd,
Small was its store, and little they desir'd ;
JANE dried her tears ; while WALTER forward flew,
To aid the Dame ; who to the brink updrew
The pond'rous Bucket as they reach'd the well,
And scarcely with exhausted breath could tell
How welcome to her Cot the blooming Pair,
O'er whom she watch'd with a maternal care.

The Expostulation...v. 189.

“What ails thee, JANE?” the wary Matron cried;
With heaving breast the modest Maid reply’d,
Now gently moving back her wooden Chair
To shun the current of the cooling air;
“Not much, good Dame; I’m weary by the way;
“Perhaps, anon, I’ve something else to say.”
Now, while the Seed-cake crumbled on her knee,
And Snowy Jessamine peep’d in to see;
And the transparent Lilac at the door,
Full to the Sun its purple honors bore,
The clam’rous Hen her fearless brood display’d,
And march’d around; while thus the Matron said:
‘JANE has been weeping, WALTER;—prithee why?
‘I’ve seen her laugh, and dance, but never cry.
‘But I can guess; with *her* you should have been,
‘When late I saw you loit’ring on the green;
‘I’m an old Woman, and the truth may tell;
‘I say then, Boy, you have not us’d her well.’

Pleadings of Experience for Love with extreme Prudence....v. 207.

JANE felt for WALTER; shar'd his cruel pain,
And Pity urg'd her e'en to tears again.
' Don't scold him, Neighbour, he has much to say,
' Indeed he came and met me by the way.'
The Dame resum'd—' Why then, my Children, why
' Do such young bosoms heave the piteous sigh?
' The ills of Life to you are yet unknown;
' Death's sev'ring shaft, and Poverty's cold frown:
' I've felt them both by turns;—but as they pass'd,
' Strong was my trust, and here I am at last.
' When I dwelt young and cheerful down the *Lane*,
' (And, though I say it, I was much like JANE,)
' O'er flow'ry fields with *Hind*, I lov'd to stray,
' And talk, and laugh, and fool the time away:
' And Care defied; who not one pain could give,
' Till the thought came of how we were to live;
' And then Love plied his arrows thicker still:
' And prov'd victorious;—as he always will.

The Victory....v. 925.

‘ We brav’d Life’s storm together ; while that Drone,
‘ Your poor old Uncle, WALTER, liv’d alone.
‘ He died the other day : when round his bed
‘ No tender soothing tear Affection shed—
‘ Affection ! ’twas a plant he never knew ;—
‘ Why should he feast on fruits he never grew ?’

WALTER caught fire : nor was *he* charm’d alone
With conscious Truth’s firm elevated tone ;
JANE from her seat sprang forward, half afraid,
Attesting with a blush what Goody said.
Her Lover took a more decided part :—
(O ! ’twas the very Chord that touch’d his heart,)—
Alive to the best feelings Man can prize,
A Bridegroom’s transport sparkled in his eyes ;
Love, conquering power, with unrestricted range,
Silenc’d the arguments of Time and Change ;
And led his vot’ry on, and bade him view,
And prize the light-wing’d moments as they flew :

The Confession....v. 245.

All doubts gave way, all retrospective lore,
Whence cooler Reason tortur'd him before ;
Comparison of times, the Lab'rer's hire,
And many a truth Reflection might inspire,
Sunk powerless. " Dame, I am a fool," he cried ;
" Alone I might have reason'd till I died.
" I caus'd those tears of JANE's :—but as they fell
" How much I felt none but ourselves can tell.
" While dastard fears withheld me from her sight,
" Sighs reign'd by day and hideous dreams by
 night ;
" 'Twas then the Soldier's plume and rolling Drum
" Seem'd for a while to strike my sorrows dumb ;
" To fly from Care then half resolv'd I stood,
" And without horror mus'd on fields of blood,
" But Hope prevail'd.—Be then the sword resign'd ;
" And I'll make *Shares* for those that stay behind,
" And you, sweet Girl,"——

Unexpected Visit....v. 263.

He would have added more,
Had not a glancing shadow at the door
Announc'd a guest, who bore with winning grace
His well-tim'd errand pictur'd in his face.
Around with silent reverence they stood ;
A blameless reverence—the man was good.
Wealth he had some, a match for his desires,
First on the list of active Country 'Squires,
Seeing the youthful pair with downcast eyes,
Unmov'd by Summer flowers and cloudless skies,
Pass slowly by his Gate ; his book resign'd,
He watch'd their steps, and follow'd far behind,
Bearing with inward joy, and honest pride,
A trust of WALTER's kinsman ere he died,
A hard-earn'd mite, deposited with care,
And with a miser's spirit worshipp'd there.

He found what oft the generous bosom seeks,
In the Dame's court'sies and JANE's blushing cheeks,

The Difficulty removed....v. 231.

That consciousness of Worth, that freeborn Grace,
Which waits on Virtue in the meanest place.

‘ Young Man, I’ll not apologize to you,
‘ Nor name intrusion, for my news is true ;
‘ ’Tis duty brings me here : your wants I’ve heard,
‘ And can relieve : yet be the dead rever’d.
‘ Here, in this Purse, (what should have cheer’d a Wife,
‘ Lies, half the savings of your Uncle’s life !
‘ I know your history, and your wishes know ;
‘ And love to see the seeds of Virtue grow.
‘ I’ve a spare Shed that fronts the public road,
‘ Make that your Shop ; I’ll make it your abode.
‘ Thus much from me,—the rest is but your due.’

That instant twenty pieces sprung to view.

Goody, her dim eyes wiping, rais’d her brow,
And saw the young pair look they knew not how ;
Perils and Power while humble minds forego,
Who gives them half a Kingdom gives them woe ;

How little of outward Good suffices for Happiness....v. 299.

Comforts may be procur'd and want defied,
Heav'ns! with how small a sum, when right applied!
Give Love and honest Industry their way,
Clear but the Sun-rise of Life's little day,
Those we term poor shall oft that wealth obtain,
For which th' ambitious sigh, but sigh in vain :
Wealth that still brightens, as its stores increase ;
The calm of Conscience, and the reign of peace.

WALTER's enamour'd Soul, from news like this,
Now felt the dawnings of his future bliss ;
E'en as the Red-breast shelt'ring in a bower,
Mourns the short darkness of a passing Shower,
Then, while the azure sky extends around,
Darts on a worm that breaks the moisten'd ground,
And mounts the dripping fence, with joy elate,
And shares the prize triumphant with his mate.
So did the Youth ;—the treasure straight became
An humble servant to Love's sacred flame ;

Joy above Wealth....v. 317.

Glorious subjection!—Thus his silence broke :

Joy gave him words ; still quick'ning as he spoke.

‘ Want was my dread, my wishes were but few ;

‘ Others might doubt, but JANE those wishes knew ,

‘ This Gold may rid my heart of pains and sighs ;

‘ But her true love is still my greatest prize.

‘ Long as I live, when this bright day comes round,

‘ Beneath my Roof your noble deeds shall sound ;

‘ But, first, to make my gratitude appear,

‘ I’ll shoe your Honour’s Horses for a Year ;

‘ If clouds should threaten when your Corn is down,

‘ I’ll lend a hand, and summon half the town ;

‘ If good betide, I’ll sound it in my songs,

‘ And be the first avenger of your wrongs :

‘ Though rude in manners, free I hope to live :

‘ This Ale’s not mine, no Ale have I to give ;

‘ Yet, Sir, though Fortune frown’d when I was born,

‘ Let’s drink eternal friendship from this Horn.

Grateful Frankness....v. 335.

‘ How much our present joy to thee we owe,
‘ Soon our three Bells shall let the Neighbours know ;
‘ The sound shall raise e’en stooping Age awhile,
‘ And every Maid shall meet you with a smile ;
‘ Long may you *live*’—the wish like lightning flew ;
By each repeated as the ‘Squire withdrew.
‘ Long may *you* live,’ his feeling heart rejoin’d ;
Leaving well pleas’d such happy Souls behind.
Hope promis’d fair to cheer them to the end ;
With Love their guide, and Goody for their friend.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

A TALE.

NEAR the High road, upon a winding stream,
An honest Miller rose to Wealth and Fame :
The noblest Virtues cheer'd his lengthen'd days,
And all the Country echo'd with his praise :
His Wife, the Doctress of the neighb'ring Poor*,
Drew constant pray'rs and blessings round his door.

One Summer's night, (the hour of rest was come)
Darkness unusual overspread their home ;
A chilling blast was felt : the foremost cloud
Sprinkl'd the bubbling Pool ; and thunder loud,

* This village and the poor of this neighbourhood know what it is to have possess such a blessing, and feel at this moment what it is to lose it by death. C. L.

Troston, 13th of September, 1801.

The Tempest....v. 11.

Though distant yet, menac'd the country round,
And fill'd the Heavens with its solemn sound.
Who can retire to rest when tempests lour?
Nor wait the issue of the coming hour?
Meekly resign'd she sat, in anxious pain ;
He fill'd his pipe, and listen'd to the rain
That batter'd furiously their strong abode,
Roar'd in the Dam, and lash'd the pebbled road :
When, mingling with the storm, confus'd and wild,
They heard, or thought they heard, a screaming *Child*
The voice approach'd; and, 'midst the thunder's roar,
Now loudly begg'd for Mercy at the door.

MERCY was *there* : the Miller heard the call ;
His door he opened ; when a sudden squall
Drove in a wretched Girl ; who weeping stood,
Whilst the cold rain dripp'd from her in a flood.
With kind officiousness the tender Dame
Rous'd up the dying embers to a flame ;

The young Stranger....v. 31.

Dry clothes procur'd, and cheer'd her shiv'ring guest,
And sooth'd the sorrows of her infant breast.

But as she stript her shoulders, lily-white,
What marks of cruel usage shock'd their sight !
Weals, and blue wounds, most piteous to behold
Upon a Child yet scarcely ten years old.

The *Miller* felt his indignation rise,
Yet, as the weary stranger clos'd her eyes,
And seem'd fatigu'd beyond her strength and years,
“ Sleep, Child, (he said,) and wipe away your tears.”
They watch'd her slumbers till the storm was done ;
When thus the generous Man again began.

‘ See, flutt’ring sighs that rise against her will,
‘ And agitating dreams disturb her still !
‘ Dame, we should know before we go to rest,
‘ Whence comes this Girl, and how she came distress.
‘ Wake her, and ask ; for she is sorely bruis’d :
‘ I long to know by whom she’s thus misus’d—

The simple Story....v. 39.

‘ Child, what’s your name? how came you in the storm?

‘ Have you no home to keep you dry and warm;

‘ Who gave you all those wounds your shoulders show?

‘ Where are your Parents? Whither would you go?’

The Stranger bursting into tears, look’d pale,

And this the purport of her artless tale :

‘ I have no Parents; and no friends beside :

‘ I well remember when my Mother died :

‘ My Brother cried; and so did I that day:

‘ We had no Father;—he was gone away;

‘ That night we left our home new clothes to wear :

‘ The *Workhouse* found them; we were carried there.

‘ We lov’d each other dearly; when we met

‘ We always shar’d what trifles we could get.

‘ But *George* was older by a year than me:—

‘ He parted from me and was sent to Sea.

“ Good-bye, dear *Phœbe*,” the poor fellow said :

‘ Perhaps he’ll come again; perhaps he’s dead.

Rustic Hospitality and Protection of the Friendless...v. 59.

‘ When I grew strong enough I went to place,
‘ My Mistress had a sour ill-natur’d face ;
‘ And though I’ve been so often beat and chid,
‘ I strove to please her, Sir ; indeed, I did.
‘ Weary and spiritless to bed I crept,
‘ And always cried at night before I slept.
‘ This morning I offended ; and I bore
‘ A cruel beating, worse than all before.
‘ Unknown to all the House I ran away ;
‘ And thus far travell’d through the sultry day ;
‘ And, O don’t send me back ! I dare not go—’
‘ I send you back !’ the Miller cried, ‘ no, no.’
Th’ appeals of Wretchedness had weight with him,
And Sympathy would warm him every limb ;
He mutter’d, glorying in the work begun,
‘ Well done, my little Wench ; ’twas nobly done !’
Then said, with looks more cheering than the fire,
And feelings such as Pity can inspire,

The Child becomes one of the Family....v. 77.

‘ My house has childless been this many a year ;
‘ While you deserve it you shall tarry here.’
The Orphan mark’d the ardor of his eye,
Blest his kind words, and thank’d him with a sigh.
Thus was the sacred compact doubly seal’d ;
Thus were her spirits rais’d, her bruises heal’d :
Thankful, and cheerful too, no more afraid,
Thus little *Phæbe* was the Miller’s Maid.
Grateful they found her ; patient of controul.
A most bewitching gentleness of soul
Made pleasure of what work she had to do :
She grew in stature, and in beauty too.

Five years she pass’d in this delightful home ;
Five happy years : but, when the sixth was come,
The *Miller*, from a Market Town hard by,
Brought home a sturdy Youth, his strength to try,
To raise the sluice-gates early every morn,
To heave his powder’d sacks and grind his corn :

The new Comer....v. 95.

And meeting *Phæbe*, whom he lov'd so dear,
' I've brought you home a Husband, Girl; D'ye hear?
' He begg'd for work; his money seem'd but scant :
' Those that will work 'tis pity they should want*.
' So use him well, and we shall shortly see
' Whether he merits what I've done, like thee.'

Now throb'd her heart,—a new sensation quite,—
Whene'er the comely Stranger was in sight :
For he at once assiduously strove
To please so sweet a Maid, and win her love :
At ev'ry corner stopp'd her in her way ;
And saw fresh beauties opening ev'ry day.
He took delight in tracing in her face
The mantling blush, and ev'ry nameless grace,
That Sensibility would bring to view,
When Love he mention'd ;—Love, and Honour true.
But *Phæbe* still was shy ; and wish'd to know
More of the honest Youth, whose manly brow

* A Maxim which all ought to remember. C. L.

First Impressions....v. 107.

She verily believ'd was Truth's own throne,
And all his words as artless as her own :
Most true she judg'd ; yet, long the Youth forbore
Divulging where, and how, he liv'd before ;
And seem'd to strive his History to hide,
Till fair Esteem enlisted on his side.
The *Miller* saw, and mention'd, in his praise,
The prompt fidelity of all his ways :
Till in a vacant hour, the Dinner done,
One day he joking cried, ' Come here, my Son !
' 'Tis pity that so good a Lad as you
' Beneath my roof should bring disorders new !
' But here's my *Phæbe*,—once so light and airy
' She'd trip along the passage like a Fairy,—
' Has lost her swiftness quite, since here you came :—
' And yet ;—I can't perceive the Girl is lame !
' The obstacles she meets with still fall thicker :
' Old as I am I'd turn a corner quicker.'

Inquiry—Ingenuous Explanation....v. 125.

The *Youth* blush'd deep; and *Phæbe* hung her head

The *good Man* smil'd, and thus again he said,

' Not that I deem it matter of surprise,

' That you should love to gaze at *Phæbe's* eyes;

' But be explicit, Boy; and deal with honour:

' I feel my happiness depend upon her.

' When here you came you'd sorrow on your brow;

' And I've forborne to question you till now.

' First, then, say what thou art.' He instant bow'd,

And thus, in *Phæbe's* hearing, spoke aloud:

' Thus far experienc'd, Sir, in you I find

' All that is generous, fatherly, and kind;

' And while you look for proofs of real worth,

' You'll not regard the meanness of my birth,

' When, pennyless and sad, you met with me,

' I'd just escap'd the dangers of the Sea;

' Resolv'd to try my fortune on the shore:

' To get my bread; and trust the waves no more:

The little History....v. 145.

‘ Having no Home, nor Parents, left behind,
‘ I’d all my fortune, all my Friends, to find.
‘ Keen disappointment wounded me that morn :
‘ For, trav’ling near the spot where I was born,
‘ I at the well-known door where I was bred,
‘ Inquir’d who still was living, who was dead :
‘ But first, and most, I sought with anxious fear,
‘ Tidings to gain of her who once was dear ;
‘ A Girl, with all the meekness of the dove,
‘ The constant sharer of my childhood’s love ;
‘ She call’d me, *Brother* :—which I heard with pride,
‘ Though now suspect we are not so allied.
‘ Thus much I learnt ; (no more the churls would say ;)
‘ She went to service, and she ran away,
‘ And scandal added’—‘ Hold !’ the *Miller* cried,
And, in an instant, stood at *Phæbe*’s side ;
For he observ’d, while list’ning to the tale,
Her spirits falter’d, and her cheeks turn’d pale ;

The Recognition....v. 163.

Whilst her clasp'd hands descended to her knee,
She sinking whisper'd forth, " *O God, 'tis he !*"
The good Man, though he guess'd the pleasing truth,
Was far too busy to inform the Youth ;
But stirr'd himself amain to aid his Wife,
Who soon restor'd the trembler back to life.
Awhile insensible she still appear'd ;
But, " *O my Brother,*" was distinctly heard :
Th' astonish'd Youth now held her to his breast ;
And tears and kisses soon explain'd the rest.

Past deeds now from each tongue alternaté fell :
For news of dearest import both could tell.
Fondly, from childhood's tears to youth's full prime,
They match'd the incidents of jogging time ;
And prov'd that, when with Tyranny oppress,
Poor *Phæbe* groan'd with wounds and broken rest,
George felt no less : was harass'd and forlorn ;
A rope's end follow'd him both night and morn.

Mutual Recollections....v. 183.

And in that very storm when *Phæbe* fled,
When the rain drench'd her yet unshelter'd head;
That very Storm he on the Ocean brav'd,
The Vessel founder'd, and the Boy was sav'd!
Mysterious Heav'n!—and O with what delight—
She told the happy issue of her flight :—
To his charm'd heart a living picture drew ;
And gave to hospitality its due !
The list'ning Host observ'd the gentle Pair ;
And ponder'd on the means that brought them there :
Convinc'd, while unimpeach'd their Virtue stood,
'Twas *Heav'n's* high Will that he should do them good.

But now the anxious Dame, impatient grown,
Demanded what the Youth had heard, or known,
Whereon to ground those doubts but just exprest ;—
Doubts, which must interest the feeling breast ;
' Her Brother wert thou, *George*?—how ; prithee say ;
' Canst thou forego, or cast that name away ?'

~~~~~  
The Perplexity....v. 201.  
~~~~~

‘ No living proofs have I,’ the Youth reply’d,
‘ That we by closest ties are not allied ;
‘ But in my memory live, and ever will,
‘ A mother’s dying words—I hear them still :
‘ She said, to one who watch’d her parting breath,
“ Don’t separate the Children at my death,
“ They’re not both mine : but”—here the scene was
 ‘ clos’d,
‘ She died ; and left us helpless and expos’d ;
‘ Nor Time hath thrown, nor Reason’s opening
 power,
‘ One friendly ray on that benighted hour.’

Ne’er did the Chieftains of a Warring State
Hear from the *Oracle* their half-told fate
With more religious fear, or more suspense,
Than *Phæbe* now endur’d :—for every sense
Became absorb’d in this unwelcome theme ;
Nay, every meditation, every dream,

Anxiety—The Inquiry suggested....v. 231.

Th' inexplicable sentence held to view,
“ *They're not both mine,*” was every morning new :
For, till this hour, the Maid had never prov'd
How far she was enthrall'd, how much she lov'd :
In that fond character he first appear'd ;
His kindness charm'd her, and his smiles endear'd :
This dubious mystery the passion crost ;
Her peace was wounded, and her Lover lost.
For *George*, with all his resolution strove
To check the progress of his growing love ;
Or, if he e'er indulg'd a tender kiss,
Th' unravell'd secret robb'd him of his bliss.
Health's foe, Suspense, so irksome to be borne,
An ever-piercing and retreating thorn,
Hung on their Hearts, when Nature bade them rise,
And stole Content's bright ensign from their eyes.

The good folks saw the change, and griev'd to find
These troubles labouring in *Phæbe's* mind ;

Eager Expectation....v. 239.

They lov'd them both ; and with one voice propos'd
The only means whence *Truth* might be disclos'd ;
That, when the Summer Months should shrink the
rill,

And scarce its languid stream would turn the Mill,
When the Spring broods, and Pigs, and Lambs, were
rear'd,

(A time when *George* and *Phæbe* might be spar'd,)
Their birth-place they should visit once again,
To try with joint endeavours to obtain
From Record, or Tradition, what might be
To chain, or set their chain'd affections free :
Affinity beyond all doubts to prove ;
Or clear the road for Nature and for Love.

Never, till now, did *Phæbe* count the hours,
Or think *May* long, or wish away its flowers ;
With mutual sighs both fann'd the wings of Time ;
As we climb Hills and gladden as we climb,

The Old Soldier....v. 259.

And reach at last the distant promis'd seat,
Casting the glowing landscape at our feet.
Oft had the Morning Rose with dew been wet,
And oft the journeying Sun in glory set,
Beyond the willow'd meads of vigorous grass,
The steep green hill, and woods they were to pass ;
When now the day arriv'd : Impatience reign'd ;
And *George*,—by trifling obstacles detain'd,—
His bending Blackthorn on the threshold prest,
Survey'd the windward clouds, and hop'd the best.
Phæbe, attir'd with every modest grace,
While Health and Beauty revell'd in her face,
Came forth ; but soon evinc'd an absent mind,
For, back she turn'd for something left behind ;
Again the same, till *George* grew tir'd of home,
And peevishly exclaim'd, “ *Come, Phæbe, come.*”
Another hindrance yet he had to feel :
As from the door they tripp'd with nimble heel,

The Soldier's Tale....v. 277

A poor old Man, foot-founder'd and alone,

Thus urgent spoke, 'in Trouble's genuine Tone :

“ My pretty Maid, if happiness you seek,

“ May disappointment never fade your cheek!—

“ Yours be the joy ;—yet, feel another's woe :

“ O leave some little gift before you go.”

His words struck home ; and back she turn'd again,

(The ready friend of indigence and pain,)

To banish hunger from his shatter'd frame ;

And close behind her, Lo, the *Miller* came,

With jug in hand, and cried, “ *George*, why such haste

“ Here ; take a draught ; and let that *Soldier* taste.”

“ Thanks for your bounty, Sir ;” the *Veteran* said ;

Threw down his Wallet, and made bare his head ;

And straight began, tho' mix'd with doubts and fears,

Th' unprefac'd History of his latter years.

“ I cross'd th' *Atlantic* with my Comrades brave,

“ Where sickness sweeps whole regiments to the grave

The Surprise....v. 299.

- “ Yet I’ve escap’d ; and bear my arms no more ;
“ My age discharg’d me when I came on shore.
“ My *Wife*, I’ve heard,”—and here he wip’d his
eyes,—
“ In the cold corner of the Church-yard lies.
“ By her consent it was I left my home :
“ Employment fail’d, and poverty was come ;
“ The Bounty tempted me ;—she had it all :
“ We parted ; and I’ve seen my betters fall.
“ Yet, as I’m spar’d, though in this piteous case,
“ I’m trav’ling homeward to my native place ;
“ Though should I reach that dear remember’d
spot,
“ Perhaps OLD GRAINGER will be quite forgot.”

All eyes beheld young *George* with wonder start :
Strong were the secret bodings of his heart ;
Yet not indulg’d : for he with doubts survey’d
By turns the Stranger, and the lovely Maid.

The Discovery....v. 317.

“ Had you no Children? ”—“ Yes, young Man, I’d

“ two :

“ A *Boy*, if still he lives, as old as you :

“ Yet not my own ; but likely so to prove ;

“ Though but the pledge of an unlawful Love :

“ I cherish’d him, to hide a *Sister*’s shame :

“ He shar’d my best affections, and my name.

“ But why, young folks, should I detain you here ?

“ Go : and may blessings wait upon your cheer,

“ I too will travel on ;—perhaps to find

“ The only treasure that I left behind.

“ Such kindly thoughts my fainting hopes revive.

“ *Phæbe*, my Cherub, ART *thou* still alive? ”

Could Nature hold !—Could youthful Love forbear !

George clasp’d the wond’ring *Maid*, and whisper’d,

‘ *There!*

‘ *You’re mine for ever!*—O, sustain the rest ;

‘ And hush the tumult of your throbbing breast.’

The happy Relations now found....v. 335.

Then to the *Soldier* turn'd, with manly pride,
And fondly led his long-intended *Bride*.

' Here, see your *Child* ; nor wish a sweeter flower.

' 'Tis *George* that speaks ; thou'lt bless the happy

' hour !—

' Nay, be compos'd ; for all will yet be well,

' Though here our history's too long to tell.' —

A long-lost Father found, the mystery clear'd,
What mingled transports in *her* face appear'd !

The gazing *Veteran* stood with hands uprais'd—

' Art thou *indeed* my Child ! then, God be prais'd.'

O'er his rough cheeks the tears profusely spread :

Such as fools say become not Men to shed ;

Past hours of bliss, regenerated charms,

Rose, when he felt his Daughter in his arms :

So tender was the scene, the generous DAME

Wept, as she told of *Phæbe's* virtuous fame,

The Bliss of disinterested Benevolence....v. 353.

And the good Host, with gestures passing strange,
Abstracted seem'd through fields of joy to range :
Rejoicing that his favour'd roof should prove
VIRTUE's asylum, and the nurse of LOVE ;
Rejoicing that to him the task was given,
While his full Soul was mounting up to Heav'n.

But now, as from a dream his Reason sprung,
And heartiest greetings dwelt upon his tongue :
The sounding Kitchen floor at once receiv'd
The happy group, with all their fears reliev'd ;
“ Soldier,” he cried, “ you’ve found your Girl ; ’tis
“ true :

“ But suffer *me* to be a Father too ;
“ For, never Child that blest a Parent’s knee,
“ Could show more duty than she has to me,
“ Strangely she came ; Affliction chas’d her hard :
“ I pitied her ;—and this is my reward !

The adopted Daughter....v. 371.

“ Here sit you down ; recount your perils o’er.

“ Henceforth be this your home ; and grieve no

“ more :

“ Plenty hath shower’d her dewdrops on my head ;

“ Care visits not my Table, nor my Bed.

“ My heart’s warm wishes thus then I fulfil :

“ My Dame and I can live without the Mill :

“ *George*, take the whole ; I’ll near you still remain,

“ To guide your judgment in the choice of grain ;

“ In Virtue’s path commence your prosperous life ;

“ And from my hand receive your worthy Wife.

“ Rise, *Phæbe* ; rise, my Girl !—kneel not to me ;

“ But to THAT POW’R who interpos’d for thee.

“ Integrity hath mark’d your favourite Youth ;

“ Fair budding Honour, Constancy, and Truth :

“ Go to his arms ;—and may unsullied joys

“ Bring smiling round me, rosy Girls and Boys !

Perfect Content—Hopes and Prospects of Goodness....v. 389.

“ I’ll love them for thy sake. And may your days
“ Glide on, as glides the Stream that never stays ;
“ Bright as whose shingled bed, till life’s decline,
“ May all your Worth, and all your Virtues shine!”

THE WIDOW
TO
HER HOUR-GLASS.

I.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again :
Companion of the lonely hour !
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,
 Since thou hast stood
 In frame of wood,
On Chest or Window by my side :
At every Birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear—
 And, when my Husband died,

II.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand
And seen the growing Mountain rise,
And often found Life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes :

Its conic crown

Still sliding down,

Again heap'd up, then down again ;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain.

III.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing :
By thee the noontide hour I know :

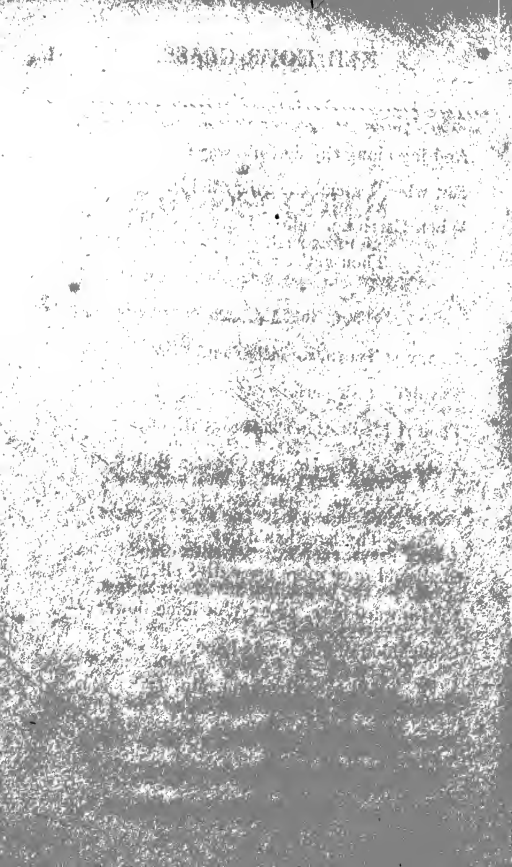
Though silent thou,

Still shalt thou flow,

And jog along thy destin'd way :
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When Earth her yellow Harvest yields,
Thou get'st a Holiday.

IV.

Steady as Truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the Heart without a Bell :
Come, lovely May !
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain ;
Curl inward here, sweet Woodbine flower ;—
Companion of the lonely hour,
I'll turn thee up again.



MARKET-NIGHT.

I.

‘ O WINDS, howl not so long and loud ;
‘ Nor with your vengeance arm the snow :
‘ Bear hence each heavy-loaded cloud :
‘ And let the twinkling Star-beams glow.

II.

‘ Now sweeping floods rush down the slope,
‘ Wide scattering ruin—Stars, shine soon !
‘ No other light my Love can hope ;
‘ Midnight will want the joyous *Moon*.

III.

‘ O guardian Spirits !—Ye that dwell
‘ Where woods, and pits, and hollow ways,
‘ The lone night-trav’ller’s fancy swell
‘ With fearful tales, of older days,—

IV.

‘ Press round him :—guide his willing steed
‘ Through darkness, dangers, currents, snows ;
‘ Wait where, from shelt’ring thickets freed,
‘ The dreary Heath’s rude whirlwind blows ;

V.

‘ That o’er the Hill with furious sweep
‘ Now writhes, now rends the shivering tree—
‘ Sure-footed beast, thy road thou’lt keep :
‘ Nor storm nor darkness startles thee !

VI.

- ‘ O blest assurance, (trusty steed,)
‘ To thee the buried road is known :
‘ *Home*, all the spur thy footsteps need,
‘ When loose the frozen rein is thrown.

VII.

- ‘ Between the roaring blasts that shake
‘ The naked Elder at the door,
‘ Though not one prattler to me speak,
‘ Their sleeping sighs delight me more.

VIII.

- ‘ Sound is their rest :—they little know
‘ What pain, what cold, their Father feels :
‘ But dream, perhaps, they see him now,
‘ While each the promis’d Orange peels.

IX.

‘ Would it were so !—the fire burns bright,
‘ And on the warming trencher gleams ;
‘ In expectation’s raptur’d sight
‘ How precious his arrival seems !

X.

‘ I’ll look abroad !—’tis piercing cold !—
‘ How the bleak wind assails his breast !
‘ Yet there the parting clouds unfold ;
‘ The storm is verging o’er the West.

XI.

‘ There shines a *Star* !—O welcome Sight !—
‘ Through the thin vapours bright’ning still !
‘ Yet, ’twas beneath the fairest night
‘ The murd’rer stain’d yon lonely Hill.

XII.

- ‘ Mercy, kind Heav’n ! such thoughts dispel !
‘ No voice, no foot is heard around !
‘ Perhaps he’s near the haunted well !
‘ But *Dapple* knows each inch of ground.

XIII.

- ‘ Distressing hour ! uncertain fate !
‘ O Mercy, Mercy, guide him home !—
‘ Hark !—then I heard the distant gate,—
‘ Repeat it, Echo ; quickly, come !

XIV.

- ‘ One minute now will ease my fears—
‘ Or, still more wretched must I be ?
‘ No : surely Heaven has spar’d our tears :
‘ I see him, cloth’d in snow ;—’tis he.—

XV.

- ' Where have you stay'd ? put down your load.
' How have you borne the storm, the cold ?
' What horrors did I not forbode—
' That Beast is worth his weight in gold.'

XVI.

Thus spoke the joyful Wife ;—then ran
In grateful steams to hide her head :
Dapple was hous'd, the weary Man
With joy glanc'd o'er the Children's bed.

XVII.

- ' What, all asleep !—so best ; he cried :
' O what a night I've travell'd through !
' Unseen, unheard, I might have died ;
' But Heaven has brought me safe to you.'

XVIII.

‘ Dear Partner of my nights and days,
‘ That smile becomes thee !—Let us then
‘ Learn, though mishap may cross our ways,
‘ It is not ours to reckon when.’

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THE
FAKENHAM GHOST.

A BALLAD.

I.

THE Lawns were dry in Euston Park;
(Here Truth* inspires my Tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over Hill and Dale.]

* This Ballad is founded on a fact. The circumstance occurred perhaps long before I was born; but is still related by my Mother, and some of the oldest inhabitants in that part of the country. R. B.

II.

Benighted was an ancient Dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its Willow shade.

III.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still ;
And echo'd to the darksome Copse
That whisper'd on the Hill ;

IV.

Where clam'rous Rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
Bespoke a peopled shade ;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
And hov'ring circuits made.

V.

The dappled herd of grazing Deer
That sought the Shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the Stranger way.

VI.

Darker it grew ; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind ;
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

VII.

She turn'd ; it stopt !—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain !
But, as she strove the Sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

VIII.

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame :
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same !
She mutter'd many a pray'r.

IX.

Yet once again, amidst her fright
She tried what sight could do ;
When through the cheating glooms of night,
A MONSTER stood in view.

X.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain !
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her pray'rs again.

XI.

Then on she sped : and Hope grew strong,
The white park-gate in view ;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That *Ghost* and all pass'd through.

XII.

Loud fell the gate against the post !
Her heart-strings like to crack :
For, much she fear'd the grisly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.

XIII.

Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,
As it had done before :—
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

XIV.

Out came her Husband, much surpris'd :
Out came her Daughter dear :
Good-natur'd Souls ! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.

XV.

The Candle's gleam pierc'd through the night,
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting Sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

XVI.

An *Ass's Foal* had lost its Dam
Within the spacious Park ;
And simple as the playful Lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

XVII.

No Goblin he ; no imp of sin :
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

XVIII.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the Cottage floor :
The Matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.

XIX.

A favorite the Ghost became ;
And, 'twas his fate to thrive :
And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

XX.

For many a laugh went through the Vale ;
And some conviction too :—
Each thought some other Goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

THE
FRENCH MARINER.

A BALLAD.

I.

AN old *French Mariner* am I,
Whom Time hath render'd poor and gray :
Hear, conquering *Britons*, ere I die,
What anguish prompts me thus to say.

II.

I've rode o'er many a dreadful wave,
I've seen the reeking blood descend :
I've heard the last groans of the brave ;—
The shipmate dear, the steady Friend.

III.

'Twas when *De Grasse* the battle join'd,
And struck, on *April's* fatal morn :
I left three smiling boys behind,
And saw my Country's Lily torn.

IV.

There, as I brav'd the storms of Fate,
Dead in my arms my Brother fell ;
Here sits forlorn his widow'd Mate,
Who weeps whene'er the tale I tell.

V.

Thy reign, sweet Peace, was o'er too soon ;
War, piecemeal, robs me of my joy :
For, on the blood-stain'd *first* of *June*
Death took my *eldest* favourite Boy.

VI.

The other two enrag'd arose,
' Our Country claims our lives,' they said.
With them I lost my Soul's repose,
That fatal hour my last hope fled.

VII.

With BRUEYS the proud NILE they sought :
Where one in ling'ring wounds expir'd ;
While yet the other bravely fought
The Orient's magazine was fir'd.

VIII.

And must I mourn my Country's shame ?
And envious curse the conquering Foe ?
No more I feel that thirst of Fame ;—
All I can feel is private woe.

IX.

E'en all the joy that Vict'ry brings,
(Her bellowing Guns, and flaming pride)
Cold, momentary comfort flings
Around where weeping Friends reside.

X.

Whose blighted bud no Sun shall cheer,
Whose Lamp of Life no longer shine :
Some Parent, Brother, Child, most dear,
Who ventur'd, and who died like mine.

XI.

Proud crested Fiend, the World's worst foe,
Ambition ; canst thou boast one deed,
Whence no unsightly horrors flow,
Nor private peace is seen to bleed.

XII.

Ah! why do these old Eyes remain
To see succeeding mornings rise!
My Wife is dead, my Children slain,
And Poverty is all my prize.

XIII.

Yet shall not poor enfeebled Age
Breathe forth revenge ;—but kneel and pray,
O God, who seest the Battle's rage,
Take from men's Hearts that rage away.

XIV.

From the vindictive tongue of Strife,
Bid Hatred and false Glory flee ;
That babes may meet advancing life,
Nor feel the woes that light on me.

THE LANCET

1907

At a meeting of the Council of the British Medical Association, held at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on the 14th of the month of June, 1907, the following resolutions were adopted:

1. That the Council of the British Medical Association should continue to maintain its policy of opposing the introduction of a Bill for the purpose of amending the Medical Act, 1858, in so far as it relates to the regulation of the medical profession.

2. That the Council of the British Medical Association should continue to maintain its policy of opposing the introduction of a Bill for the purpose of amending the Medical Act, 1858, in so far as it relates to the regulation of the medical profession.

DOLLY.

"Ingenuous trust, and confidence of Love."

I.

THE Bat began with giddy wing
His circuit round the Shed, the Tree ;
And clouds of dancing Gnats to sing
A summer-night's serenity.

II.

Darkness crept slowly o'er the East !
Upon the Barn-roof watch'd the Cat ;
Sweet breath'd the ruminating Beast
At rest where DOLLY musing sat .

III.

A simple Maid, who could employ
The silent lapse of Evening mild,
And lov'd its solitary joy :
For DOLLY was Reflection's child.

IV.

He who had pledg'd his word to be
Her life's dear guardian, far away,
The flow'r of Yeoman Cavalry,
Bestrode a Steed with trappings gay.

V.

And thus from Memory's treasur'd sweets,
And thus from Love's pure fount she drew
That peace, which busy care defeats,
And bids our pleasures bloom anew.

VI.

Six weeks of absence have I borne
Since HENRY took his fond farewell :
The charms of that delightful morn
My tongue could thus for ever tell.

VII.

He at my Window whistling loud,
Arous'd my lightsome heart to go :
Day, conqu'ring, climb'd from cloud to cloud ;
The fields all wore a purple glow.

VIII.

We stroll'd the bordering flow'rs among :
One hand the Bridle held behind ;
The other round my waist was flung :
Sure never Youth spoke half so kind !

IX.

The rising Lark I could but hear ;
And jocund seem'd the song to be :
But sweeter sounded in my ear,
“ Will DOLLY still be true to me ! ”

X.

From the rude Dock my skirt had swept
A fringe of clinging burs so green ;
Like them our hearts still closer crept,
And hook'd a thousand holds unseen,

XI.

High o'er the road each branching bough
Its globes of silent dew had shed ;
And on the pure-wash'd sand below
The dimpling drops around had spread.

XII.

The sweet-brier op'd its pink-ey'd rose,
And gave its fragrance to the gale ;
Though modest flow'rs may sweets disclose,
More sweet was HENRY's earnest tale.

XIII.

He seem'd, methought, on that dear morn,
To pour out ali his heart to me ;
As if, the separation borne,
The coming hours would joyless be.

XIV.

A bank rose high beside the way,
And full against the morning Sun ;
Of heav'nly blue the violets gay
His hand invited one by one.

XV.

The posy with a smile he gave ;
I saw his meaning in his eyes :
The wither'd treasure still I have ;
My bosom holds the fragrant prize.

XVI.

With his last kiss he would have vow'd ;
But blessings crouding forc'd their way .
Then mounted he his Courser proud ;
His time was gone, he could not stay.

XVII.

Then first I felt the parting pang ;—
Sure the worst pang the Lover feels !
His Horse unruly from me sprang,
The pebbles flew beneath his heels ;

XVIII.

Then down the road his vigour tried,
His rider gazing, gazing still ;
“ *My dearest, I'll be true,*” he cried :—
And, if he lives, I'm sure he will.

"The first thing I noticed
 when I stepped out of the car
 was the smell of the sea.
 It was a strange, salty
 smell, but it was
 home."

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY A VISIT TO

Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire,

In August, 1800.

ADDRESSED TO MY CHILDREN.

I.

GENIUS of the Forest Shades !

Lend thy pow'r, and lend thine ear !

A Stranger trod thy lonely glades,

Amidst thy dark and bounding Deer ;

Inquiring Childhood claims the verse,

O let them not inquire in vain ;

Be with me while I thus rehearse

The glories of thy Sylvan Reign.

II.

Thy Dells by wint'ry currents worn,
Secluded haunts, how dear to me !
From all but Nature's converse borne.
No ear to hear, no eye to see.
Their honour'd leaves the green Oaks rear'd,
And crown'd the upland's graceful swell ;
While answering through the vale was heard
Each distant Heifer's tinkling bell.

III.

Hail, Greenwood shades, that stretching far,
Defy e'en Summer's noontide pow'r,
When August in his burning Car
Withholds the Cloud, withholds the Show'r.
The deep-ton'd Low from either Hill,
Down hazel aisles and arches green ;
(The Herd's rude tracks from rill to rill)
Roar'd echoing through the solemn scene.

IV.

From my charm'd heart the numbers sprung,
Though Birds had ceas'd the choral lay :
I pour'd wild raptures from my tongue,
And gave delicious tears their way.
Then, darker shadows seeking still,
Where human foot had seldom stray'd,
I read aloud to every Hill
Sweet Emma's Love, " the Nut-brown Maid."

V.

Shaking his matted mane on high,
The gazing Colt would raise his head ;
Or, tim'rous Doe would rushing fly,
And leave to me her grassy bed :
Where, as the azure sky appear'd
Through Bow'rs of every varying form,
'Midst the deep gloom methought I heard
The daring progress of the storm.

VI.

How would each sweeping pond'rous bough
Resist, when straight the Whirlwind cleaves,
Dashing in strength'ning eddies through
A roaring wilderness of leaves !
How would the prone descending show'r
From the green Canopy rebound !
How would the lowland torrents pour !
How deep the pealing thunder sound !

VII.

But Peace was there : no lightnings blaz'd :—
No clouds obscur'd the face of heav'n :
Down each green op'ning while I gaz'd
My thoughts to home, and you, were giv'n.
O tender minds ! in life's gay morn
Some clouds must dim your coming day ;
Yet, bootless pride and falsehood scorn,
And peace like this shall cheer your way.

VIII.

Now, at the dark Wood's stately side,
Well pleas'd I met the Sun again ;
Here fleeting Fancy travell'd wide !
My seat was destin'd to the Main :
For, many an Oak lay stretch'd at length,
Whose trunks (with bark no longer sheath'd)
Had reach'd their full meridian strength
Before your Father's Father breath'd !

IX.

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave,
And many a dreadful storm defy ;
Then groaning o'er the adverse wave
Bring home the flag of victory.
Go, then, proud Oaks : we meet no more !
Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
The white Cliffs round my native shore,
And the loud Ocean's swelling tide.

X.

‘ Genius of the Forest Shades,’

Sweet, from the heights of thy domain,
When the grey ev’ning shadow fades,

To view the Country’s golden grain !
To view the gleaming Village Spire

‘Midst distant groves unknown to me ;
Groves that, grown bright in borrow’d fire,
Bow o’er the peopled Vales to thee !

XI.

Where was thy Elfin train, that play

Round *Wake’s* huge Oak, their favorite tree,
Dancing the twilight hours away ?

Why were they not reveal’d to me !
Yet, smiling Fairies left behind,

Affection brought you all to view ;
To love and tenderness resign’d,

My heart heav’d many a sigh for you.

XII.

When Morning still unclouded rose,
Refresh'd with sleep and joyous dreams,
Where fruitful fields with woodlands close,
I trac'd the births of various streams.
From beds of Clay, here creeping rills
Unseen to parent *Ouse* would steal ;
Or, gushing from the northward Hills,
Would glitter through *Toves'* winding dale.

XIII.

But ah ! ye cooling springs, farewell !
Herds, I no more your freedom share ;
But long my grateful tongue shall tell
What brought your gazing stranger there.
' Genius of the Forest Shades,
' Lend thy power, and lend thine ear ;'
Let dreams still lengthen thy long glades,
And bring thy peace and silence here.

THE

WHITNEY V. BROWN

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WHITNEY V. BROWN

WHITNEY V. BROWN

SONG

FOR

A HIGHLAND DROVER

RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

I.

Now fare-thee-well, England; no further I'll roam;
But follow my shadow that points the way home:
Your gay southern Shores shall not tempt me to stay;
For my Maggy's at Home, and my Children at play!
'Tis this makes my Bonnet sit light on my brow,
Gives my sinews their strength and my bosom its glow.

II.

Farewell, Mountaineers ! my companions, adieu ;
Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from you,
I shall miss your white Horns on the brink of the burn,
And o'er the rough Heaths, where you'll never return;
But in brave English pastures you cannot complain,
While your Drover speeds back to his Maggy again.

III.

O Tweed ! gentle Tweed, as I pass your green vales,
More than life, more than Love my tir'd Spirit inhales ;
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her bare-footed Lasses and Mountains so blue ;
To the mountains away ; my heart bounds like the hind ;
For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so kind.

IV.

As day after day I still follow my course,
And in fancy trace back every Stream to its source,
Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies before,
O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild Moor;
The keen polar Star nightly rising to view;
But Maggy's my Star, just as steady and true.

V.

O Ghosts of my Fathers! O heroes, look down!
Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of renown,
For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my breast,
And fortitude grows both from toil and from rest;
May your deeds and your worth be for ever in view,
And may Maggy bear sons not unworthy of you.

VI.

Love, why do you urge me, so weary and poor ?
I cannot step faster, I cannot do more :
I've pass'd silver Tweed ; e'en the Tay flows behind :
Yet fatigue I'll disdain ;—my reward I shall find ;
Thou, sweet smile of innocence, thou art my prize ;
And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's blue eyes.

VII.

She'll watch to the southward ;—perhaps she will sigh,
That the way is so long, and the Mountains so high ;
Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she may see,
And will say in her fondness, “ that surely is he ! ”
Good Wife, you're deceiv'd ; I'm still far from my home ;
Go, sleep, my dear Maggy,—to-morrow I'll come.

A WORD
TO
TWO YOUNG LADIES.

I.

WHEN tender Rose-trees first receive,
On half-expanded Leaves, the Shower ;
Hope's gayest pictures we believe,
And anxious watch each coming flower.

II.

Then, if beneath the genial Sun
That spreads abroad the full-blown May,
Two infant Stems the rest out-run,
Their buds the first to meet the day,

III.

With joy their op'ning tints we view,
While morning's precious moments fly :
My pretty Maids, 'tis thus with *you*,
The fond admiring gazer, *I*.

IV.

Preserve, sweet Buds, where'er you be,
The richest gem that decks a Wife ;
The charm of *female modesty* ;
And let sweet Music give it life.

V.

Still may the favoring Muse be found :
Still circumspect the paths ye tread :
Plant moral truths in Fancy's ground ;
And meet old Age without a dread.

VI.

Yet, ere that comes, while yet ye quaff
The cup of Health without a pain,
I'll shake my grey hairs when you laugh,
And, when you sing, be young again.

Both the young Ladies had addressed to me a few complimentary lines, (and I am sorry that those of the elder sister were never in my possession;) in return for which I sent the above. It was received on the day on which the younger completed her ninth year. Surely it cannot be ascribed to vanity, if, in gratitude to a most amiable family, I here preserve verbatim an effort of a child nine years old. I have the more pleasure in doing it, because I know them to be her own.—R. B.

“Accept, dear Bard, the Muse’s genuine thought,

“And take not ill the tribute of my heart:—

“For thee the laureate wreath of praise I’ll bind;

“None that have read thy commendable mind

“Can let it pass unnotic’d—nor can I—

“For by thy lays I know thy sympathy.” F. P



ON HEARING OF THE TRANSLATION OF PART OF

THE FARMER'S BOY

INTO LATIN ;

BY THE REV. MR. C——.

HEV, Giles ! in what new garb art dress'd ?

For Lads like you methinks a bold one ;

I'm glad to see thee so caress'd ;

But, hark ye !—don't despise your old one.

Thou'rt not the first by many a Boy

Who've found abroad good friends to own'em ;

Then, in such Coats have shown their joy,

E'en their *own Fathers* have not known 'em.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1912

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NANCY.

A SONG.

I.

YOU ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume
That you cherish a secret affection for me ?
When we see the Flow'rs bud, don't we look for the
Bloom ?
Then, sweetest, attend, while I answer to thee.

II.

When we Young Men with pastimes the Twilight
beguile,
I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy :
And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,
You give me a glance ; but provokingly coy.

III.

Last month, when wild strawberries pluckt in the grove
Like beads on the tall seeded grass you had strung;
You gave me the choicest; I hop'd 'twas for Love;
And I told you my hopes while the Nightingale sung.

IV.

Remember the Viper:—'twas close at your feet,
How you started, and threw yourself into my arms;
Not a Strawberry there was so ripe nor so sweet
As the lips which I kiss'd to subdue your alarms.

V.

As I pull'd down the clusters of Nuts for my Fair,
What a blow I receiv'd from a strong bending bough;
Though Lucy and other gay lasses were there,
Not one of them show'd such compassion as you.

VI.

And was it compassion?—by Heaven 'twas more!
A telltale betrays you ;—that blush on your cheek.
Then come, dearest Maid, all your trifling give o'er,
And whisper what Candour will teach you to speak.

VII.

Can you stain my fair Honour with one broken vow?
Can you say that I've ever occasion'd a pain?
On Truth's honest base let your tenderness grow ;
I swear to be faithful, again and again.



ROSY HANNAH.

I.

A SPRING, o'erhung with many a flower,
The grey sand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a Hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head:
A rosy Lass approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eye's modest beam:
The stranger nodded "how d'ye do!"
And leap'd across the infant stream.

II.

The water heedless pass'd away;
With me her glowing image stay'd:
I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely Maid.

I met her where beneath our feet

Through downy Moss the wild Thyme grew ;
Nor Moss elastic, flow'rs though sweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

III.

I met her where the dark Woods wave,

And shaded verdure skirts the plain ;

And when the pale Moon rising gave

New glories to her clouded train.

From her sweet cot upon the Moor

Our plighted vows to Heaven are flown ;

Truth made me welcome at her door,

And rosy Hannah is my own.

SONG.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG ROVER.

I.

ROVER, awake! the grey Cock crows!

Come, shake your coat and go with me!

High in the East the green Hill glows;

And glory crowns our shelt'ring Tree.

The Sheep expect us at the fold:

My faithful Dog, let's haste away,

And in his earliest beams behold,

And hail, the source of cheerful day.

II.

Half his broad Orb o'erlooks the Hill ;
And, darting down the Valley flies,
At every casement welcome still,
The golden summons of the skies.
Go, fetch my Staff ; and o'er the dews
Let Echo waft thy gladsome voice.
Shall we a cheerful note refuse
When rising Morn proclaims, " rejoice."

III.

Now then we'll start ; and thus I'll sling
Our store, a trivial load to bear :
Yet, ere night comes, should hunger sting,
I'll not encroach on *Rover's* share.
The fresh breeze bears its sweets along ;
The Lark but chides us while we stay :
Soon shall the Vale repeat my song ;
Go brush before, away, away.

HUNTING SONG.

I.

YE darksome Woods where Echo dwells,
Where every bud with freedom swells
 To meet the glorious day :
The morning breaks ; again rejoice ;
And with old Ringwood's well-known voice
 Bid tuneful Echo play.

II.

We come, ye Groves, ye Hills, we come :
The vagrant Fox shall hear his doom,
 And dread our jovial train.
The shrill Horn sounds, the courser flies,
While every Sportsman joyful cries,
 “ There's Ringwood's voice again.”

III.

Ye Meadows, hail the coming throng,
Ye peaceful Streams that wind along,
Repeat the Hark-away :
Far o'er the Downs, ye Gales that sweep,
The daring Oak that crowns the steep,
The roaring peal convey.

IV.

The chiming notes of cheerful Hounds,
Hark ! how the hollow Dale resounds ;
The sunny Hills how gay.
But where's the note, brave Dog, like thine ?
Then urge the Steed, the chortus join,
'Tis Ringwood leads the way.

LUCY.

A SONG.

I.

THY favourite Bird is soaring still :
My Lucy, haste thee o'er the dale ;
The Stream's let loose, and from the Mill,
All silent comes the balmy gale ;
Yet, so lightly on its way,
Seems to whisper, " Holiday."

II.

The pathway flowers that bending meet,
And give the Meads their yellow hue,
The May-bush and the Meadow-sweet
Reserve their fragrance all for you.
Why then, Lucy, why delay ?
Let us share the Holiday.

III.

Since there thy smiles, my charming Maid,
Are with unfeigned rapture seen,
To Beauty be the Homage paid ;
Come, claim the triumph of the Green.
Here's my Hand, come, come away ;
Share the merry Holiday.

IV.

A promise too my Lucy made,
(And shall my heart its claim resign ?)
That ere May-flowers again should fade,
Her heart and hand should both be mine.
Hark'ye, Lucy, this is May ;
Love shall crown our Holiday.

WINTER SONG.

I.

DEAR Boy, throw that Icicle down,

And sweep this deep snow from the door :

Old Winter comes on with a frown ;

A terrible frown for the poor.

In a Season so rude and forlorn,

How can age, how can infancy bear

The silent neglect and the scorn

Of those who have plenty to spare ?

II.

Fresh broach'd is my Cask of old Ale,

Well-tim'd now the frost is set in ;

Here's Job come to tell us a tale,

We'll make him at home to a pin.

While my Wife and I bask o'er the fire,
The roll of the Seasons will prove,
That Time may diminish desire,
But cannot extinguish true love.

III.

O the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
If you can but keep scandal away,
To learn what the world has been at,
And what the great Orators say ;
Though the Wind through the crevices sing,
And Hail down the chimney rebound ;
I'm happier than many a king
While the Bellows blows Bass to the sound.

IV.

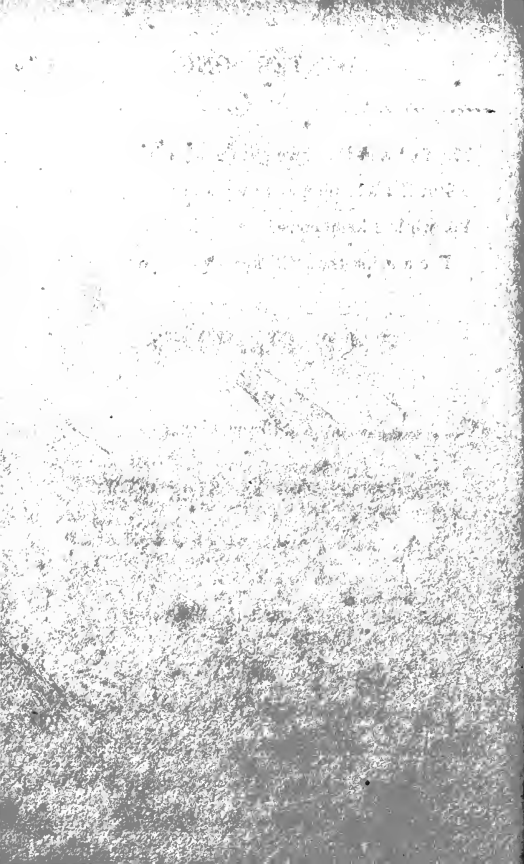
Abundance was never my lot :
But out of the trifle that's given,
That no curse may alight on my Cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heav'n ;

The fool and the slave gather wealth :

But if I add nought to my store,

Yet while I keep conscience in health,

I've a Mine that will never grow poor.



WILD FLOWERS;

OR,

PASTORAL AND LOCAL POETRY.

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DEDICATION.

TO MY ELDEST SON.

My dear Boy,

IN thus addressing myself to you, and in expressing my regard for your person, my anxiety for your health, and my devotion to your welfare, I enjoy an advantage over those dedicators who indulge in adulation;—I shall at least be believed.

Should you arrive at that period when reason shall be mature, and affection or curiosity induce you to look back on your father's poetical progress through life, you may conclude that he had many to boast as friends, whose names, in a dedication would have honoured both him and his children; but you must also reflect, that to particularize such friends was a point of peculiar delicacy. The earliest patron of my unprotected strains has the warm thanks which are his due, for the introduction of blessings which have been diffused through our whole family; and nothing will ever change this sentiment. But amidst a general feeling of gratitude, which those who know me will never dispute, I feel for you, Charles, what none but parents can conceive; and on your account, my dear boy, there can be no harm in telling the world that I hope these "Wild Flowers" will be productive of sweets of the worldly kind; for your unfortunate lameness (should it never be removed) may preclude you from the means of procuring comforts and advantages which might otherwise have fallen to your share.

What a lasting, what an unspeakable satisfaction would it be to know that the Ballads, the Ploughman Stories, and the "Broken Crutch" of your father would eventually contribute to lighten your steps to manhood, and make your own crutch, through life, rather a memorial of affection, than an object of sorrow.

With a parent's feelings, and a parent's cares and hopes,

I am, Charles, yours,

R. B.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO continue the former Preface in this volume of "Wild Flowers" would be unnecessary: but the Dedication, because it cannot give offence, or disgust the reader, may be worthy of preservation.

ABNER
AND
THE WIDOW JONES.

A FAMILIAR BALLAD.

I.

“WELL! I'm determin'd; that's enough:—

“Gee, Bayard! move your poor old bones,

“I'll take to-morrow, smooth or rough,

“To go and court the Widow Jones.

II.

“Our master talks of stable-room,

“And younger horses on his grounds;

“'Tis easy to foresee thy doom,

“Bayard, thou'lt go to feed the hounds.

The first Determination.

III.

“ But could I win the widow’s hand,
“ I’d make a truce ’twixt death and thee ;
“ For thou upon the best of land
“ Should’st feed, and live, and die with me ;

IV.

“ And must the pole-axe lay thee low ?
“ And will they pick thy poor old bones ?
“ No—hang me if it shall be so,—
“ If I can win the Widow Jones.”

V.

Twirl went his stick ; his curly pate
A bran-new hat uplifted bore ;
And Abner, as he leapt the gate,
Had never look’d so gay before.

Old Love revived.

VI.

And every spark of love reviv'd
That had perplex'd him long ago,
When busy folks and fools contriv'd
To make his Mary answer—*no*.

VII.

But whether, freed from recent vows,
Her heart had back to Abner flown,
And mark'd him for a second spouse,
In truth is not exactly known.

VIII.

Howbeit, as he came in sight,
She turn'd her from the garden stile,
And downward look'd with pure delight,
With half a sigh and half a smile.

Rustic Salutation.

IX.

She heard his sounding step behind,
The blush of joy crept up her cheek,
As cheerly floated on the wind,
“ Hoi ! Mary Jones—what won't you speak ? ”

X.

Then, with a look that ne'er deceives,
She turn'd, but found her courage fled ;
And scolding sparrows from the eaves
Peep'd forth upon the stranger's head.

XI.

Down Abner sat, with glowing heart,
Resolv'd, whatever might betide,
To speak his mind, no other art
He ever knew, or ever tried.

A close Question.

XII.

And gently twitching Mary's hand,
The bench had ample room for two,
His first word made her understand
The ploughman's errand was to woo.

XIII.

“ My Mary—may I call thee so ?
“ For many a happy day we've seen,
“ And if not mine, aye, years ago,
“ Whose was the fault? you might have been !

XIV.

“ All that's gone by : but I've been musing,
“ And vow'd, and hope to keep it true,
“ That she shall be my own heart's choosing
“ Whom I call wife.—Hey, what say you ?

Past Thoughts stated.

XV.

- “ And as I drove my plough along,
“ And felt the strength that’s in my arm,
“ Ten years, thought I, amidst my song,
“ I’ve been head-man at Harewood farm.’

XVI.

- “ And now, my own dear Mary’s free,
“ Whom I have lov’d this many a day,
“ Who knows but she may think on *me*?
“ I’ll go hear what she has to say.

XVII.

- “ Perhaps that little stock of land
“ She holds, but knows not how to till,
“ Will suffer in the widow’s hand,
“ And make poor Mary poorer still.

The Avowal.

XVIII.

“ That scrap of land, with one like her,
“ How we might live ! and be so blest !
“ And who should Mary Jones prefer ?
“ Why, surely, him who loves her best !

XIX.

“ Therefore I’m come to-night, sweet wench,
“ I would not idly thus intrude,”——
Mary look’d downward on the bench,
O’erpower’d by love and gratitude,

XX.

And lean’d her head against the vine,
With quick’ning sobs of silent bliss,
Till Abner cried, “ You must be mine,
“ You must,”——and seal’d it with a kiss.

The Interest of an old Horse asserted.

XXI.

She talk'd of shame, and wip'd her cheek,
But what had shame with them to do,
Who nothing meant but truth to speak,
And downright honour to pursue?

XXII.

His eloquence improv'd apace,
As manly pity fill'd his mind ;
“ You know poor Bayard ; here's the case,—
“ He's past his labour, old, and blind ;

XXIII.

“ If you and I should but agree
“ To settle here for good and all,
“ Could you give all your heart to me,
“ And grudge that poor old rogue a stall?

His Character.

XXIV.

- “ I'll buy him, for the dogs shall never
“ Set tooth upon a friend so true ;
“ He'll not live long, but I for ever
“ Shall know I gave the beast his due.

XXV.

- “ 'Mongst all I've known of ploughs and carts,
“ And ever since I learn'd to drive,
“ He was not match'd in all these parts ;
“ There was not such a horse alive !

XXVI.

- “ Ready, as birds to meet the morn,
“ Were all his efforts at the plough ;
“ Then, the mill-brook with hay or corn,
“ Good creature ! how he'd spatter through !

Character continued.

XXVII.

- “ He was a horse of mighty pow’r,
“ Compact in frame, and strong of limb;
“ Went with a chirp from hour to hour;
“ Whip-cord ! ’twas never made for him.

XXVIII.

- “ I left him in the shafts behind,
“ His fellows all unhook’d and gone,
“ He neigh’d, and deem’d the thing unkind,
“ Then, starting, drew the load alone !

XXIX.

- “ But I might talk till pitch-dark night,
“ And then have something left to say;
“ But, Mary, am I wrong or right,
“ Or, do I throw my words away ?

Something like Consent.

XXX.

- “ Leave me, or take me and my horse ;
“ I’ve told thee truth, and all I know :
“ Truth *should* breed truth ; that comes of course ;
“ If I sow wheat, why wheat will grow.”

XXXI.

- “ Yes, Abner, but thus soon to yield,
“ Neighbours would flier, and look behind ‘em ;
“ Though, with a husband in the field,
“ Perhaps, indeed, I should not mind ‘em.

XXXII.

- “ I’ve known your generous nature well ;
“ My first denial cost me dear ;
“ How this may end we cannot tell,
“ But, as for Bayard, bring him here.”

Parting of the Lovers.—Sad News.

XXXIII.

“Bless thee for that,” the ploughman cried,
At once both starting from the seat,
He stood a guardian by her side,
But talk’d of home,—’twas growing late.

XXXIV.

Then step for step within his arm,
She cheer’d him down the dewy way;
And no two birds upon the farm
E’er parted with more joy than they.

XXXV.

What news at home? The smile he wore
One little sentence turn’d to sorrow;
An order met him at the door,
“Take Bayard to the dogs to-morrow.”

The Journey renewed.

XXXXVI.

Yes, yes, thought he ; and heav'd a sigh,
Die when he will he's not your debtor :
I must obey, and he *must* die,—
That's if I can't contrive it better.

XXXVII.

He left his Mary late at night,
And had succeeded in the main ;
No sooner peep'd the morning light
But he was on the road again !

XXXVIII.

Suppose she should refuse her hand ?
Such thoughts will come, I know not why ;
Shall I, without a wife or land,
Want an old horse ? then wherefore buy ?]

Perplexity.

XXXIX.

From bush to bush, from stile to stile,
Perplex'd he trod the fallow ground,
And told his money all the while,
And weigh'd the matter round and round.

XL.

“ I'll borrow,” that's the best thought yet ;
Mary shall save the horse's life.—
Kind-hearted wench ! what, run in debt
Before I know she'll be my wife ?

XLI.

These women won't speak plain and free.—
Well, well, I'll keep my service still ;
She has not *said* she'd marry me,
But yet I dare to say she will.

A fresh Thought.—Turns back.

XLII.

But while I take this shay-brain'd course,
And like a fool run to and fro,
Master, perhaps, may sell the horse !
Sell him !—this instant home I'll go.

XLIII.

The nightly rains had drench'd the grove,
He plung'd right on with headlong pace ;
A man but half as much in love
Perhaps had found a cleaner place.

XLIV.

The day rose fair ; with team a-field,
He watch'd the farmer's cheerful brow ;
And in a lucky hour reveal'd
His secret at his post, the plough.

Coming to the Point.—Generosity.

XLV.

And there without a whine began,

“ Master, you’ll give me your advice ;

“ I’m going to marry—if I can—

“ And want old Bayard ; what’s his price ?

XLVI.

“ For Mary Jones last night agreed,

“ Or near upon’t, to be my wife :

“ The horse’s value I don’t heed,

“ I only want to save his life.”

XLVII.

“ Buy him, hey ! Abner ! trust me I

“ Have not the thought of gain in view ;

“ Bayard’s best days we’ve seen go by ;

“ He shall be cheap enough to you.”

Symptoms of good Feelings.

XLVIII.

The wages paid, the horse brought out,
The hour of separation come ;
The farmer turn'd his chair about,
“ Good fellow, take him, take him home. ’

XLIX.

“ You're welcome, Abner, to the beast,
“ For you've a faithful servant been ;
“ They'll thrive I doubt not in the least,
“ Who know what work and service mean.’

L.

The maids at parting, one and all,
From different windows different tones ;
Bade him farewell with many a bawl,
And sent their love to Mary Jones.

Victory!

LI.

He wav'd his hat, and turn'd away,
When loud the cry of children rose ;
" Abner, good bye !" they stopt their play ;
" There goes poor Bayard ! there he goes !"

LII.

Half choak'd with joy, with love, and pride,
He now with dainty clover fed him,
Now took a short triumphant ride,
And then again got down and led him.

LIII.

And hobbling onward up the hill,
The widow's house was full in sight,
He pull'd the bridle harder still,
" Come on, we shan't be there to night."

Victory!

LIV.

She met them with a smile so sweet,
The stable-door was open thrown ;
The blind horse lifted high his feet,
And loudly snorting, laid him down.

LV.

O Victory! from that stock of laurels
You keep so snug for camps and thrones,
Spare us *one twig* from all their quarrels,
For Abner and the Widow Jones.

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TO

MY OLD OAK TABLE.

FRIEND of my peaceful days! substantial friend,
Whom wealth can never change, nor int'rest bend,
I love thee like a child. Thou wert to me
The dumb companion of my misery,
And oftner of my joys ;—then as I spoke,
I shar'd thy sympathy, Old Heart of Oak !
For surely when my labour ceas'd at night,
With trembling, feverish hands, and aching sight,
The draught that cheer'd me and subdu'd my care,
On thy broad shoulders thou wert proud to bear.

O'er thee, with expectation's fire elate,
I've sat and ponder'd on my future fate :
On thee, with winter muffins for thy store,
I've lean'd, and quite forgot that I was poor.

Where dropp'd the acorn that gave birth to thee?
Can'st thou trace back thy line of ancestry?
We're match'd, old friend, and let us not repine,
Darkness o'erhangs thy origin and mine ;
Both may be truly honourable : yet,
We'll date our honours from the day we met ;
When, of my worldly wealth the parent stock,
Right welcome up the Thames from Woolwich Dock
Thou cam'st, when hopes ran high, and love was young ;
But soon our olive-branches round thee sprung ;
Soon came the days that tried a faithful wife,
The noise of children, and the cares of life.

Then, midst the threat'nings of a wintry sky,
That cough which blights the bud of infancy,
The dread of parents, Rest's inveterate foe,
Came like a plague, and turn'd my songs to woe.

Rest! without thee what strength can long survive,
What spirit keep the flame of Hope alive?
The midnight murmur of the cradle gave,
Sounds of despair; and chilly as the grave
We felt its undulating blast arise,
"Midst whisper'd sorrows and ten thousand sighs.
Expiring embers warn'd us each to sleep,
By turns to watch alone, by turns to weep,
By turns to hear, and keep from starting wild,
The sad, faint wailings of a dying child.
But Death, obedient to Heav'n's high command,
Withdrew his jav'lin, and unclench'd his hand;

The little sufferers triumph'd over pain,
Their mother smil'd, and bade me hope again.
Yet Care gain'd ground, Exertion triumph'd less,
Thick fell the gathering terrors of Distress ;
Anxiety, and Griefs without a name,
Had made their dreadful inroads on my frame ;
The creeping Dropsy, cold as cold could be,
Unnerv'd my arm, and bow'd my head to thee.
Thou to thy trust, old friend, hast not been true ;
These eyes the bitterest tears they ever knew
Let fall upon thee ; now all wip'd away ;
But what from memory shall wipe out that day ?
The great, the wealthy of my native land,
To whom a guinea is a grain of sand,
I thought upon them, for my *thoughts* were free,
But all unknown were then my woes and me.


~~~~~

Still, Resignation was my dearest friend,  
And Reason pointed to a glorious end ;  
With anxious sighs, a parent's hopes and pride,  
I wish'd to live—I trust I could have died !  
But winter's clouds pursu'd their stormy way,  
And March brought sunshine with the length'ning day,  
And bade my heart arise, that morn and night  
Now throb'd with irresistible delight.  
Delightful 'twas to leave disease behind,  
And feel the renovation of the mind !  
To lead abroad, upborne on Pleasure's wing,  
Our children, midst the glories of the spring ;  
Our fellow-sufferers, our only wealth,  
To gather daisies in the breeze of health !  
'Twas then, too, when our prospects grew so fair,  
And Sabbath bells announc'd the morning pray'r ;

~~~~~

Beneath that vast gigantic dome we bow'd,
That lifts its flaming cross above the cloud ;
Had gain'd the centre of the chequer'd floor ;—
That instant, with reverberating roar
Burst forth the pealing organ——mute we stood ;—
The strong sensation boiling through my blood,
Rose in a storm of joy, allied to pain,
I wept, and worshipp'd God, and wept again ;
And felt, amidst the fervor of my praise,
The sweet assurances of better days.

In that gay season, honest friend of mine,
I marked the brilliant sun upon thee shine ;
Imagination took her flights so free,
Home was delicious with my book and thee,
The purchas'd nosegay, or brown ears of corn,
Were thy gay plumes upon a summer's morn,

Awakening memory, that disdains control,
They spoke the darling language of my soul :
They whisper'd tales of joy, of peace, of truth,
And conjur'd back the sunshine of my youth :
Fancy presided at the joyful birth,
I pour'd the torrent of my feelings forth ;
Conscious of *truth* in Nature's humble track,
And wrote " The Farmer's Boy " upon thy back !
Enough, old friend :—thou'rt mine ; and shalt partake,
While I have pen to write, or tongue to speak,
Whatever fortune deals me.—Part with thee !
No, not till death shall set my spirit free ;
For know, should plenty crown my life's decline,
A most important duty may be thine :
Then, guard me from Temptation's base control,
From apathy and littleness of soul .

The sight of thy old frame, so rough, so rude,
Shall twitch the sleeve of nodding Gratitude ;
Shall teach me but to venerate the more
Honest Oak Tables and their guests—the poor ;
Teach me unjust distinctions to deride,
And falsehoods gender'd in the brain of Pride ;
Shall give to Fancy still the cheerful hour,
To Intellect, its freedom and its power ;
To Hospitality's enchanting ring
A charm, which nothing but thyself can bring.
The man who would not look with honest pride
On the tight bark that stemm'd the roaring tide,
And bore him, when he bow'd the trembling knee,
Home, through the mighty perils of the sea,
I love him not.—He ne'er shall be my guest ;
Ner sip my cup, nor witness how I'm blest ;

Nor lean, to bring my honest friend to shame,
A sacrilegious elbow on thy frame ;
But thou through life a monitor shalt prove,
Sacred to Truth, to Poetry, and Love.

Dec. 1803.

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THE HORKEY.

A PROVINCIAL BALLAD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the descriptive ballad which follows, it will be evident that I have endeavoured to preserve the style of a gossip, and to transmit the memorial of a custom, the extent or antiquity of which I am not acquainted with, and pretend not to inquire.

In Suffolk husbandry the man who, (whether by merit or by sufferance I know not) goes foremost through the harvest with the scythe or the sickle, is honoured with the title of "*Lord*," and at the Horkey, or harvest-home feast, collects what he can, for himself and brethren, from the farmers and visitors, to make a "*frolic*" afterwards, called "*the largess spending*." By way of returning thanks, though perhaps formerly of much more, or of different signification, they immediately leave the seat of festivity, and with a very long and repeated shout of a "*largess*" (the number of shouts being regulated by the sums given) seem to wish to make themselves heard by the people of the surrounding farms. And before they rejoin the company within, the pranks and the jollity I have endeavoured to describe, usually take place. These customs, I believe, are going fast out of use; which is one great reason for my trying to tell the rising race of mankind that such were the customs when I was a boy.

I have annexed a glossary of such words as may be found by general readers to require explanation: And will add a short extract from Sir Thomas Brown, of Norwich, M.D. who was born three years before Milton, and outlived him eight years

ADVERTISEMENT

“ It were not impossible to make an original reduction of many words of no general reception in *England*, but of common use in *Norfolk*, or peculiar to the *East-Angle* counties; as Bawad, Bunny, Thurck, Enemis, Matchly, Sammodithe, Mawther, Kedge, Seele, Straft, Clever, Dere, Nicked, Stingy, Noneare, Felt, Thepes, Gosgood, Kamp, Sibrit, Fangast, Sap, Cothish, Thokish, Bide-owe, Paxwax. Of these, and some others, of no easy originals, when time will permit, the resolution shall be attempted; which to effect, the Danish language, new, and more ancient, may prove of good advantage: which nation remained here fifty years upon agreement, and have left many families in it; and the language of these parts had surely been more commixed and perplex, if the fleet of *Hugo de Bones* had not been cast away, wherein threescore thousand souldiers, out of Britany and Flanders, were to be wafted over, and were, by King John's appointment, to have a settled habitation in the counties of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*.”—Traet the viii. on Languages, particularly the Saxon Folio 1686, p. 48.

THE
HORKEY.

A PROVINCIAL BALLAD.

I.

WHAT gossip prattled in the sun,
Who talk'd him fairly down,
Up, Memory! tell; 'tis Suffolk fun,
And lingo of their own.

II.

Ah! *Judie Twitchet!* though thou'rt dead,
With thee the tale begins;
For still seems thrumming in my head
The rattling of thy pins.

Silence commanded.

III.

Thou Queen of knitters ! for a ball
Of worsted was thy pride ;
With dangling stockings great and small,
And world of clack beside !

IV.

“ We did so laugh ; the moon shone bright ;
“ More fun you never knew ;
“ ’Twas Farmer Cheerum’s *Horkey night*,
“ And I, and Grace, and Sue——

V.

“ But bring a stool, sit round about,
“ And boys, be quiet, pray ;
“ And let me tell my story out ;
“ ’Twas *sitch* a merry day !

The Story began.

VI.

- “ The butcher whistled at the door,
“ And brought a load of meat ;
“ Boys rubb'd their hands, and cried, ‘ there’s more,’
“ Dogs wagg’d their tails to see’t.

VII.

- “ On went the boilers till the *hake**
“ Had much ado to bear ’em ;
“ The magpie talk’d for talking sake,
“ Birds sung ;—but who could hear ’em ?

VIII.

- “ Creak went the jack ; the cats were *scar’d*,
“ We had not time to heed ’em,
“ The *owd hins* cackled in the yard,
“ For we forgot to feed ’em !

* A sliding pot-hook

Judie sure to be right.

IX.

“ Yet ’twas not I, as I may say,
“ Because as how, d’ye see,
“ I only help’d there for the day;
“ They cou’dn’t lay’t to me.

X.

“ Now Mrs. Cheerum’s best lace cap
“ Was mounted on her head ;
“ Guests at the door began to rap,
“ And now the cloth was spread.

XI.

“ Then clatter went the earthen plates—
“ ‘ Mind, Judie,’ was the cry ;
“ I could have *cop’t** them at their pates ;
“ ‘ Trenchers for me,’ said I,

The Horkey Load.

XII.

- “ That look so clean upon the ledge,
“ All proof against a fall ;
“ They never turn a sharp knife’s edge,
“ But fashion rules us all.

XIII.

- “ Home came the jovial *Horkey load*,
“ Last of the whole year’s crop ;
“ And Grace amongst the green boughs rode
“ Right plump upon the top.

XIV.

- “ This way and that the waggon reel’d,
“ And never queen rode higher ;
“ *Her* cheeks were colour’d in the fields,
“ And ours before the fire.

The Harvest Supper.

XV.

“ The laughing harvest-folks, and John,
“ Came in and look’d askew ;
“ ’Twas my red face that set them on,
“ And then they leer’d at Sue.

XVI.

“ And Farmer Cheerum went, good man,
“ And broach’d the *Horkey beer* :
“ And *sitch a mort** of folks began
“ To eat up our good cheer.

XVII.

“ Says he, ‘ Thank God for what’s before us ;
“ That thus we meet agen ;’
“ The mingling voices, like a chorus,
“ Join’d cheerfully, ‘ Amen.’—

* Such a number

An old Kind of Contest.

XVIII.

- “ Welcome and plenty, there they found 'em,
“ The ribs of beef grew light ;
“ And puddings—till the boys got round 'em,
“ And then they vanish'd quite.

XIX.

- “ Now all the guests, with Farmer Crouder,
“ Began to prate of corn ;
“ And we found out they talk'd the louder,
“ The oftner pass'd the Horn.

XX.

- “ Out came the nuts ; we set a cracking ;
“ The ale came round our way ;
“ *By gom*, we women fell a clacking
“ As loud again as they.

Something very true.

XXI.

“ John sung ‘ Old Benbow ’ loud and strong,
“ And I, ‘ The Constant Swain,’
“ ‘ Cheer up, my Lads,’ was Simon’s song,
“ ‘ We’ll conquer them again.’

XXII.

“ Now twelve o’clock was drawing nigh,
“ And all in merry cue ;
“ I knock’d the cask, ‘ O, ho!’ said I,
“ ‘ We’ve almost conquer’d you.’

XXIII.

“ *My Lord* * begg’d round, and held his hat,
“ Says Farmer Gruff, says he,
“ ‘ There’s many a Lord, Sam, I know that,
“ ‘ Has begg’d as well as thee.’

* The leader of the reapers

Rustic Wit.

XXIV.

- “ Bump in his hat the shillings tumbled
“ All round among the folks ;
“ ‘ Laugh if you wool,’ said Sam, and mumbled,
“ ‘ You pay for all your jokes.’

XXV.

- “ Joint stock you know among the men,
“ To drink at their own charges ;
“ So up they got full drive, and then
“ Went out to *halloo largess**.

XXVI.

- “ And sure enough the noise they made !!—
—“ But let me mind my tale :
“ We follow’d them, we worn’t afraid,
“ We’ad all been drinking ale.

A Bit of Fun.

XXVII.

- “ As they stood hallooing back to back,
“ We, lightly as a feather,
“ Went sideling round, and in a crack
“ Had pinn’d their coats together.

XXVIII.

- “ ’Twas near upon’t as light as noon ;
“ ‘ *A largess,*’ on the hill,
“ They shouted to the full round moon,
“ I think I hear ’em still !

XXIX.

- “ But when they found the trick, my stars !
“ They well knew who to blame,
“ Our giggles turn’d to loud ha, ha’s,
“ And arter us they came.

The Chase.

XXX.

- “ The hindmost was the dairy-maid,
“ And Sam came blundering by;
“ She could not shun him, so they said;
“ I *know* she did not try.

XXXI.

- “ And off set John, with all his might,
“ To chase me down the yard,
“ Till I was nearly *gran'd** outright;
“ He hugg’d so woundy hard.

XXXII.

- “ Still they kept up the race and laugh,
“ And round the house we flew;
“ But hark ye! the best fun by half
“ Was Simon *arter* Sue.

A Mistake.

XXXIII.

“ She car’d not, dark nor light, not she,
“ So, near the dairy door
“ She pass’d a clean white hog, you see,
“ They’d *kilt* the day before.

XXXIV.

“ High on the *spirket* * there it hung,—
“ ‘ Now, Susie—what can save ye ?’
“ Round the cold pig his arms he flung,
“ And cried, ‘ Ah ! here I have ye !’

XXXV.

“ The farmers heard what Simon said,
“ And what a noise ! good lack !
“ Some almost laugh’d themselves *to dead*,
“ And others clapt his back.

* An iron hook.

Something like Mischief.

XXXVI.

- “ We all at once began to tell
“ What fun we had abroad ;
“ But Simon stood our jeers right well ;
—“ He fell asleep and snor’d.

XXXVII.

- “ Then in his button-hole upright,
“ Did Farmer Crouder put
“ A slip of paper, twisted tight,
“ And held the candle *to’t*.

XXXVIII.

- “ It smok’d, and smok’d, beneath his nose,
“ The harmless blaze crept higher ;
“ Till with a vengeance up he rose,
“ Fire, Judie, Sue ! fire, fire !

Reserve thrown off.

XXXIX.

- “ The clock struck one—some talk’d of parting,
“ Some said it was a sin,
“ And *hitch’d* their chairs;—but those for starting
“ Now let the moonlight in.

XL.

- “ *Owd* women, loitering *for the nonce**,
“ Stood praising the fine weather;
“ The menfolks took the hint at once
“ To kiss them altogether.

XLI.

- “ And out ran every soul beside,
“ A *shanny-pated*† crew;
“ *Owd* folks could neither run nor hide,
“ So some *ketch’d* one, some *tew*.

* For the purpose.

† Giddy, thoughtless.

Mirth without Mischief.

XLII.

- “ They *skriggl’d* * and began to scold,
“ But laughing got the master ;
“ Some *quack’ling* † cried, ‘ let go your hold ;’
“ The farmers held the faster.

XLIII.

- “ All innocent, that I’ll be sworn,
“ There worn’t a bit of sorrow,
“ And women, if their gowns *are* torn,
“ Can mend them on the morrow.

XLIV.

- “ Our shadows helter skelter danc’d
“ About the moonlight ground ;
“ The wondering sheep, as on we pranc’d,
“ Got up and gaz’d around.

* To struggle quick.

† Choaking.

The Separation.

XLV.

- “ And well they might—till Farmer Cheerum,
“ Now with a hearty glee,
“ Bade all good morn as he came near 'em,
“ And then to bed went he.

XLVI.

- “ Then off we stroll'd this way and that,
“ With merry voices ringing ;
“ And Echo answered us right pat,
“ As home we rambl'd singing.

XLVII.

- “ For, when we laugh'd, it laugh'd again,
“ And to our own doors follow'd !
“ ‘Yo, ho!’ we cried ; ‘Yo, ho!’ so plain,
“ The misty meadow halloo'd.

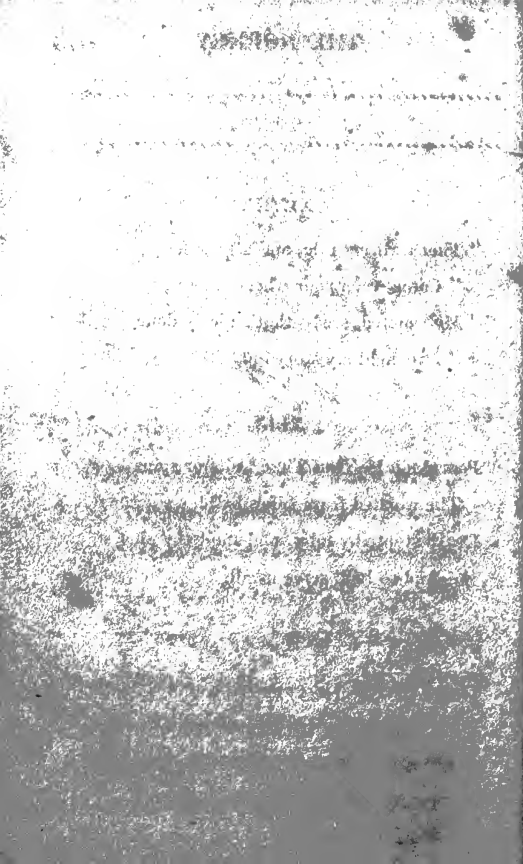
Conclusion.

XLVIII.

“That’s all my tale, and all the fun,
“Come, turn your wheels about;
“My worsted, see!—that’s nicely done,
“Just held my story out!!”

XLIX.

Poor Judie!—Thus Time knits or spins
The worsted from Life’s ball!
Death stopt thy tales, and stopt thy pins,
—And so he’ll serve us all.



THE BROKEN CRUTCH.

A TALE.

“ I TELL you, Peggy,” said a voice behind
A hawthorn hedge, with wild briars thick entwin’d,
Where unseen trav’lers down a shady way
Journey’d beside the swaths of new-mown hay,
“ I tell you, Peggy, ’tis a time to prove
“ Your fortitude, your virtue, and your love.
“ From honest poverty our lineage sprung,
“ Your mother was a servant quite as young ;—
“ You weep ; perhaps *she* wept at leaving home ;
“ Courage, my girl, nor fear the days to come.

A Father's Advice and Blessing.

- “ Go still to church, my Peggy, plainly drest,
“ And keep a living conscience in your breast ;
“ Look to yourself, my lass, the maid's best fame,
“ Beware, nor bring the Meldrums into shame :
“ Be modest, to the voice of truth attend,
“ Be honest, and you'll always find a friend :
“ Your uncle Gilbert, stronger far than I,
“ Will see you safe ; on him you must rely :
“ I've walk'd too far ; this lameness, oh ! the pain ;
“ Heav'n bless thee, child ! I'll halt me back again ;
“ But when your first fair holiday may be,
“ Do, dearest Peggy, spend your hours with me.”

Young Herbert Brooks, in strength and manhood bold,
Who, round the meads, his own possessions, stroll'd,
O'erheard the charge, and with a heart so gay,
Whistled his spaniel, and pursu'd his way.

A Hint for a Libertine.

Soon cross'd his path, and short obeisance paid,
Stout Gilbert Meldrum and a country maid ;
A box upon his shoulder held full well
Her worldly riches, but the truth to tell
She bore the chief herself ; that nobler part,
That beauteous gem, an uncorrupted heart.
And then that native loveliness ! that cheek !
It bore the very tints her betters seek.
At such a sight the libertine would glow
With all the warmth that *he* can never know ;
Would send his thoughts abroad without control,
The glimmering moonshine of his little soul.
“ Above the reach of justice I shall soar,
“ Her friends may rail, not punish ; they're too poor :
“ That very thought the rapture will enhance,
“ Poor, young, and friendless ; what a glorious chance !

Herbert's Character.

“ A few spare guineas may the conquest make,—

“ I love the treachery for treachery's sake,—

“ And when her wounded honour jealous grows,

“ I'll cut away ten thousand oaths and vows,

“ And bravely boast, all snarling fools defying,

“ How I, *a girl out-witted*,—just by lying.”

Such was not Herbert—he had never known

Love's genuine smiles, nor suffer'd from his frown ;

And as to that most honourable part

Of planting daggers in a parent's heart,

A novice quite :—he past his hours away,

Free as a bird, and buxom as the day ;

Yet, should a lovely girl by chance arise,

Think not that Herbert Brooks would shut his eyes.

On thy calm joys with what delight I dream ;

Thou dear green valley of my native stream !

Regret for Devastation by Enclosures.

Fancy o'er thee still waves th' enchanting wand,
And every nook of thine is fairy land,
And ever will be, though the axe should smite
In Gain's rude service, and in Pity's spite,
Thy clustering alders, and at length invade
The last, last poplars, that compose thy shade :
Thy stream shall still in native freedom stray,
And undermine the willows in its way,
These, nearly worthless, may survive this storm,
This scythe of desolation call'd " Reform."
No army past that way ! yet are they fled,
The boughs that, when a school-boy, screen'd my head ;
I hate the murderous axe ; estranging more
The winding vale from what it was of yore,
Than e'en mortality in all its rage,
And all the change of faces in an age.

The Tale pursued.

“ Warmth,” will they term it, that I speak so free ;
They strip thy shades,—thy shades so dear to me !
In Herbert’s days woods cloth’d both hill and dale ;
But peace, Remembrance ! let us tell the tale.

His home was in the valley, elms grew round
His moated mansion, and the pleasant sound
Of woodland birds that loud at day-break sing,
With the first cuckoos that proclaim the spring,
Flock’d round his dwelling ; and his kitchen smoke,
That from the towering rookery upward broke,
Of joyful import to the poor hard by,
Stream’d a glad sign of hospitality ;
So fancy pictures ; but its day is o’er ;
The moat remains ; the dwelling is no more !
Its name denotes its melancholy fall,
For village children call the spot “ Burnt-Hall.”

The Church.

But where's the maid, who in the meadow-way
Met Herbert Brooks amongst the new-mown hay?
Th'adventure charm'd him, and next morning rose
The Sabbath, with its silence and repose;
The bells ceas'd chiming, and the broad blue sky
Smil'd on his peace, and met his tranquil eye
Inverted, from the foot-bridge on his way
To that still house where all his fathers lay;
There in his seat, each neighbour's face he knew—
The stranger girl was just before his pew!
He saw her kneel, with meek, but cheerful air,
And whisper the response to every prayer;
And, when the humble roof with praises rung,
He caught the Hallelujah from her tongue,
Rememb'ring with delight the tears that fell
When the poor father bade his child farewell;

Love strengthened by Reflection

And now, by kindling tenderness beguil'd,
He blest the prompt obedience of that child,
And link'd his fate with hers :—for, from that day,
Whether the weeks past cheerily away,
Or deep revolving doubts procur'd him pain,
The same bells chim'd—and there she was again!
What could be done? they came not there to woo,
On holy ground,—though love is holy too.

They met upon the foot-bridge one clear morn,
She in the garb by village lasses worn ;
He, with unbutton'd frock that careless flew,
And buskin'd to resist the morning dew;
With downcast look she courtesied to the ground,
Just in his path—no room to sidle round.

“ Well, pretty girl, this early rising yields

“ The best enjoyment of the groves and fields.

An Interview.

- “ And makes the heart susceptible and meek,
“ And keeps alive that rose upon your cheek.
“ I long’d to meet you, Peggy, though so shy,
“ I’ve watch’d your steps, and learn’d your history ;
“ You love your poor lame father, let that be
“ A happy presage of your love for me.
“ Come then, I’ll stroll these meadows by your side,
“ I’ve seen enough to wish you for my bride,
“ And I *must* tell you so.—Nay, let me hold
“ This guiltless hand, I prize it more than gold ;
“ Of that I have my share, but fain would prove
“ The sterling wealth of honourable love ;
“ My lands are fruitful, and my flocks increase,
“ My house knows plenty, and my servants peace ;
“ One blessing more will crown my happy life,
“ Like Adam, pretty girl, I want a wife.”

Frequent Meetings.—Family Pride.

Need it be told his suit was not denied,
With youth, and wealth, and candour on his side?
Honour took charge of love so well begun,
And accidental meetings, one by one,
Increas'd so fast midst time's unheeded flight,
That village rumour married them outright;
Though wiser matrons, doubtful in debate,
Pitied-deluded Peggy's hapless fate.
Friends took th' alarm, "And will he then disgrace
"The name of Brooks with this plebeian race?"
Others, more lax in virtue, not in pride,
Sported the wink of cunning on one side;
"He'll buy, no doubt, what Peggy has to sell,
"A little gallantry becomes him well."
Meanwhile the youth, with self-determin'd aim,
Disdaining fraud, and pride's unfeeling claim,

Marriage proposed.

Above control, pursued his generous way,
And talk'd to Peggy of the marriage-day.
Poor girl ! she heard, with anguish and with doubt,
What her too-knowing neighbours preach'd about,
That Herbert would some nobler match prefer,
And surely never, never marry her ;
Yet, with what trembling and delight she bore
The kiss, and heard the vow, " I'll doubt no more ;"
" Protect me, Herbert, for your honour's sake
" You will," she cried, " nor leave my heart to break."
Then wrote to uncle Gilbert, joys, and fears,
And hope, and trust, and sprinkled all with tears.
Rous'd was the dormant spirit of the brave,
E'en lameness rose to succour and to save ;
For, though they both rever'd young Herbert's name,
And knew his unexceptionable fame ;

Doubts.—Parental Feelings.

And though the girl had honestly declar'd
Love's first approaches, and their counsel shar'd,
Yet, that he truly meant to take for life
The poor and lowly Peggy for a wife ;
Or, that she was not doom'd to be deceiv'd,
Was out of bounds :—it *could not* be believ'd.
“ Go, Gilbert, save her ; I, you know, am lame ;
“ Go, brother, go, and save my child from shame.
“ Haste, and I'll pray for your success the while,
“ Go, go ;”—then bang'd his crutch upon the stile :—
It snapt.—E'en Gilbert trembled while he smote,
Then whipt the broken end beneath his coat ;
“ Aye, aye, I'll settle them ; I'll let them see
“ Who's to be conqu'ror this time, I or he !”
Then off he set, and with enormous strides,
Rebellious mutterings and oaths besides,

Gilbert on the Road.—An Adventure.

O'er cloverfield and fallow, bank and briar,
Pursu'd the nearest cut, and fann'd the fire
That burnt within him.—Soon the Hall he spied,
And the grey willows by the water side ;
Nature cried “ halt ! ” nor could he well refuse ;
Stop, Gilbert, breathe awhile, and ask *the news*.
“ News ? ” cried a stooping grandame of the vale,
“ Aye, rare news too ; I'll tell you such a tale ;
“ But let me rest ; this bank is dry and warm ;
“ Do you know Peggy Meldrum at the farm ?
“ Young Herbert's girl ? He's cloth'd her all in white,
“ You never saw so beautiful a sight !
“ Ah ! he's a fine young man, and such a face !
“ I knew his grandfather and all his race ;
“ He rode a tall white horse, and look'd so big,
“ But how shall I describe his hat and wig ? ”

A promising Story cut short

“ Plague take his wig,” cried Gilbert, “ and his hat,

“ Where’s Peggy Meldrum ? can you tell me *that* ?”

“ Aye ; but have patience, man ! you’ll hear anon,

“ For I shall come to her as I go on,

“ So hark’ye friend ; his grandfather I say,”—

“ Poh, poh,”—cried Gilbert, as he turn’d away.

Her eyes were fix’d, her story at a stand,

The snuff-box lay half open’d in her hand ;

“ You great, ill-manner’d clown ! but I must bear it ;

“ You oaf ; to ask the news, and then won’t hear it !”

But Gilbert had gain’d forty paces clear,

When the reproof came murmuring on his ear.

Again he ask’d the first that pass’d him by ;

A cow-boy stopt his whistle to reply.

“ Why, I’ve a mistress coming home, that’s all,

“ They’re playing Meg’s diversion at the Hall ;

A Cow-Boy's Brevity.

“ For master’s gone, with Peggy, and his cousin,
“ And all the lady-folks, about a dozen,
“ To church, down there ; he’ll marry *one* no doubt,
“ For that it seems is what they’re gone about ;
“ I know it by their laughing and their jokes,
“ Tho’ they *wor’nt* ask’d at church like other folks.”

Gilbert kept on, and at the Hall-door found
The winking servants, where the jest went round :
All expectation ; aye, and so was he,
But not with heart so merry and so free.
The kitchen table, never clear from beef,
Where hunger found its solace and relief,
Free to all strangers, had no charms for him,
For agitation worried every limb ;
Ale he partook, but appetite had none,
And grey-hounds watch’d in vain to catch the bone.

Sitting upon Thorns.

All sounds alarm'd him, and all thoughts perplex'd,
With dogs, and beef, himself, and all things vex'd,
Till with one mingled caw above his head,
Their gliding shadows o'er the court-yard spread,
The rooks by thousands rose : the bells struck up ;
He guess'd the cause, and down he set the cup,
And listening, heard, amidst the general hum,
A joyful exclamation, " Here they come !"—
Soon Herbert's cheerful voice was heard above,
Amidst the rustling hand-maids of his love,
And Gilbert follow'd without thought or dread,
The broad oak stair-case thunder'd with his tread ;
Light tript the party, gay as gay could be,
Amidst their bridal dresses—there came he !
And with a look that guilt could ne'er withstand,
Approach'd his niece and caught her by the hand,

Anger disarmed.

"Now are you married, Peggy, y'es or no?"

"Tell me at once, before I let you go!"

Abrupt he spoke, and gave her arm a swing,
But the same moment felt the wedding ring,
And stood confus'd.—She wip'd th' empassion'd tear,
"I am, I am; but is my father here?"

Herbert stood by, and sharing with his bride,
That perturbation which she strove to hide;
"Come, honest Gilbert, you're too rough this time,
"Indeed here's not the shadow of a crime;
"But where's your brother? When did you arrive?
"We waited long, for Nathan went at five!"

All this was Greek to Gilbert, downright Greek;
He knew not what to think, nor how to speak.
The case was this; that Nathan with a cart
To fetch them both at day-break was to start.

An Explanation.

And so he did—but ere he could proceed,
He suck'd a charming portion with a reed,
Of that same wedding-ale, which was that day
To make the hearts of all the village gay;
Brim full of glee he trundled from the Hall,
And as for sky-larks, he out-sung them all;
Till growing giddy with his morning cup,
He, stretch'd beneath a hedge, the reins gave up;
The horse graz'd soberly without mishap,
And Nathan had a most delightful nap
For three good hours—Then, doubting, when he woke,
Whether his conduct would be deem'd a joke,
With double haste perform'd just half his part,
And brought the lame John Meldrum in his cart.
And at the moment Gilbert's wrath was high,
And while young Herbert waited his reply,

A general Meeting.

The sound of rattling wheels was at the door ;
 “ There’s my dear father now,”—they heard no more,
 The bridegroom glided like an arrow down,
 And Gilbert ran, though something of a clown,
 With his best step ; and cheer’d with smiles and pray’rs,
 They bore old John in triumph up the stairs :
 Poor Peggy, who her joy no more could check,
 Clung like a dewy woodbine round his neck.
 And all stood silent——Gilbert, off his guard,
 And marvelling at virtue’s rich reward,
 Loos’d the one loop that held his coat before,
 Down thumpt the broken crutch upon the floor !
 They started, half alarm’d, scarce knowing why,
 But through the glist’ning rapture of his eye
 The bridegroom smil’d, then chid their simple fears,
 And rous’d the blushing Peggy from her tears ;

Gilbert put upon his Defence.

Around the uncle in a ring they came,
And mark'd his look of mingled pride and shame.

“ Now honestly, good Gilbert, tell us true,
“ What meant this cudgel? What was it to do?
“ I know your heart suspected me of wrong,
“ And that most true affection urg'd along
“ Your feelings and your wrath; you were beside
“ Till now the rightful guardian of the bride.
“ But why this cudgel?”—“ Guardian! that's the case,
“ Or else to-day I had not seen this place,
“ But John about the girl was so perplex'd,
“ And I, to tell the truth, so mortal vex'd,
“ That when he broke *this crutch*, and stamp'd and cried,
“ For John and Peggy, Sir, I could have died,
“ Aye, that I could; for she was such a child,
“ So tractable, so sensible, so mild,

The plain Truth.

“ That if between you roguery had grown
“ (Begging your pardon,) ’twould have been your own ;
“ She would not hurt a fly.—So off I came,
“ And had I found you injuring her fame,
“ And base enough to act as hundreds would,
“ To ruin a poor maid—because you *could*,
“ With this same cudgel, (you may smile or frown)
“ An’ please you, Sir, I meant to knock you down.”

A burst of laughter rang throughout the Hall,
And Peggy’s tongue, though overborne by all,
Pour’d its warm blessings ; for, without control
The sweet unbridled transport of her soul
Was obviously seen, till Herbert’s kiss
Stole, as it were, the eloquence of bliss.

“ Welcome, my friends ; good Gilbert, here’s my hand ;
“ Eat, drink, or rest, they’re all at your command :

Mirth and Reconciliation.

- “ And whatsoever pranks the rest may play,
“ You still shall be the hero of the day,
“ Doubts might torment, and blunders may have teaz’
“ Let my ale cure them ; let us all be pleas’d.
“ And as for honest John, let me defend
“ The father of my new, my bosom friend ;
“ You broke your crutch, well, well, worse luck might be
“ I’ll be your crutch, John Meldrum, lean on me,
“ And when your lovely daughter shall complain,
“ Send Gilbert’s wooden argument again.
“ You still may wonder that I take a wife
“ From the secluded walks of humble life,
“ On reason’s solid ground my love began,
“ And let the wise confute it if they can.
“ A girl I saw, with nature’s untaught grace,
“ Turn from my gaze a most engaging face ;

Herbert's Apology.

- “ I saw her drop the tear, I knew full well
“ She felt for *you* much more than she could tell.
“ I found her understanding, bright as day,
“ Through all impediments still forc'd its way ;
“ On that foundation shall my hopes rely,
“ The rock of genuine humility.
“ Call'd as she is to act a nobler part,
“ To rule my household, and to share my heart,
“ I trust her prudence, confident to prove
“ Days of delight, and still unfading love ;
“ And, while her inborn tenderness survives,
“ That heav'nly charm of mothers and of wives,
“ I'll look for joy :—But see, the neighbours all
“ Come posting on to share the festival ;
“ And I'm determin'd, while the sun's so bright,
“ That this shall be a wedding-day outright :

John Meldrum's Wish.—Conclusion.

“ How cheerly sound the bells ! my charmer, come,

“ Partake their joy, and know yourself at home.

“ Sit down, good John ;”—“ I will,” the old man cried.

“ And let me drink to you, Sir, and the bride ;

“ My blessing on you : I am lame and old,

“ I can't make speeches, and I wo'n't be bold ;

“ But from my soul I wish and wish again,

“ *That brave good gentlemen would not disdain*

“ *The poor, because they're poor*: for, if they live

“ Midst crimes that parents *never can* forgive,

“ If, like the forest beast, they wander wild,

“ To rob a father, or to crush a child,

“ Nature *will* speak, aye, just as Nature feels,

“ And wish—a Gilbert Meldrum at their heels.”

SHOOTER'S HILL*.

I.

HEALTH! I seek thee;—dost thou love
The mountain-top or quiet vale,
Or deign o'er humbler hills to rove
On showery June's dark south-west gale?
If so, I'll meet all blasts that blow,
With silent step, but not forlorn;
Though, goddess, at thy shrine I bow,
And woo thee each returning morn.

* Sickness may be often an incentive to poetical composition; I found it so; and I esteem the following lines only because they remind me of past feelings, which I would not willingly forget.

II.

I seek thee where, with all his might,
The joyous bird his rapture tells,
Amidst the half-excluded light,
That gilds the fox-glove's pendant bells ;
Where cheerly up the bold hill's side
The deep'ning groves triumphant climb ;
In groves Delight and Peace abide,
And Wisdom marks the lapse of time.

III.

To hide me from the public eye,
To keep the throne of Reason clear,
Amidst fresh air to breathe or die,
I took my staff and wander'd here :
Suppressing every sigh that heaves,
And coveting no wealth but thee,
I nestle in the honied leaves,
And hug my stolen liberty.

IV.

O'er eastward uplands, gay or rude,
Along to Erith's ivied spire,
I start, with strength and hope renew'd,
And cherish life's rekindling fire.
Now measure vales with straining eyes,
Now trace the church-yard's humble names ;
Or, climb brown heaths, abrupt that rise,
And overlook the winding Thames.

V.

I love to mark the flow'ret's eye,
To rest where pebbles form my bed,
Where shapes and colours scatter'd lie,
In varying millions round my head.
The soul rejoices when alone,
And feels her glorious empire free ;
Sees GOD in every shining stone,
And revels in variety.

VI.

Ah me ! perhaps within my sight,
Deep in the smiling dales below,
Gigantic talents, Heav'n's pure light,
And all the rays of genius glow
In some lone soul, whom no one sees
With *power* and *will* to say " Arise,"
Or chase away the slow disease,
And Want's foul picture from his eyes.

VII.

A worthier man by far than I,
With more of industry and fire,
Shall see fair Virtue's meed pass by,
Without one spark of fame expire !
Bleed not my heart, it will be so,
The throb of care was thine full long ;
Rise, like the Psalmist from his woe,
And pour abroad the joyful song.

VIII.

Sweet Health, I seek thee ! hither bring
Thy balm that softens human ills ;
Come, on the long-drawn clouds that fling
Their shadows o'er the Surry-Hills.
Yon green-topt hills, and far away
Where late as now I freedom stole,
And spent one dear delicious day
On thy wild banks, romantic *Mole*.

IX.

Aye, there's the scene !* beyond the sweep
Of London's congregated cloud,
The dark-brow'd wood, the headlong steep,
And valley-paths without a crowd !
Here, Thames, I watch thy flowing tides,
Thy thousand sails am proud to see ;
But where the *Mole* all silent glides
Dwells Peace—and Peace is wealth to me !

* Box-Hill, and the beautiful neighbourhood of Dorking, in Surry.

X.

Of Cambrian mountains still I dream,
And mouldering vestiges of war ;
By time-worn cliff or classic stream
Would rove,—but Prudence holds a bar.
Come then, O Health ! I'll strive to bound
My wishes to this airy stand ;
'Tis not for *me* to trace around
The wonders of my native land.

XI.

Yet, the loud torrent's dark retreat,
Yet Grampian hills shall Fancy give,
And, towering in her giddy seat,
Amidst her own creation live,
Live, if thou'lt urge my climbing feet,
Give strength of nerve and vigorous breath,
If not, with dauntless soul I meet
The deep solemnity of death.

XII.

This far-seen monumental tower
Records th' achievements of the brave,
And Angria's subjugated power,
Who plunder'd on the eastern wave.
I would not that such turrets rise
To point out where my bones are laid ;
Save that some wandering bard might prize
The comforts of its broad cool shade.

XIII.

O Vanity ! since thou'rt decreed
Companion of our lives to be,
I'll seek the moral songster's meed,
An earthly immortality ;
Most vain !—O let me, from the past
Remembering what to man is given,
Lay Virtue's broad foundations fast,
Whose glorious turrets reach to Heav'n.

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MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

I.

How bright with pearl the western sky!

How glorious far and wide,

Yon lines of golden clouds that lie

So peaceful side by side!

Their deep'ning tints, the arch of light,

All eyes with rapture see ;

E'en while I sigh I bless the sight

That lures my love from me.

II.

Green hill, that shad'st the valley here,
Thou bear'st upon thy brow
The only wealth to Mary dear,
And all shall ever know.
There, in the crimson light I see,
Above thy summit rise,
My Edward's form, he looks to me
A statue in the skies.

III.

Descend, my love, the hour is come,
Why linger on the hill?
The sun hath left my quiet home,
But thou can'st see him still;
Yet why a lonely wanderer stray,
Alone the joy pursue?
The glories of the closing day
Can charm thy Mary too.

IV.

Dear Edward, when we stroll'd along
Beneath the waving corn,
And both confess'd the power of song,
And bless'd the dewy morn ;
Your eye o'erflow'd, " How sweet," you cried,
(My presence then could move)
" How sweet, with Mary by my side,
" To gaze and talk of love !"

V.

Thou art not false ! that cannot be ;
Yet I my rivals deem
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,
The silence, and the stream ;
Whate'er, my love, detains thee now,
I'll yet forgive thy stay ;
But with to-morrow's dawn come thou,
We'll brush the dews away.

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BARNHAM WATER.

I.

FRESH from the Hall of Bounty sprung*,
With glowing heart and ardent eye,
With song and rhyme upon my tongue,
And fairy visions dancing by,
The mid-day sun in all his pow'r
The backward valley painted gay;
Mine was a road without a flower,
Where one small streamlet cross'd the way.

* On a sultry afternoon, late in the summer of 1802, Euston-Hall lay in my way to Thetford, which place I did not reach until the evening, on a visit to my sister: the lines lose much of their interest except they could be read on the spot, or at least at a corresponding season of the year.

II.

What was it rous'd my soul to love ?

What made the simple brook so dear ?

It glided like the weary dove,

And never brook seem'd half so clear.

Cool pass'd the current o'er my feet,

Its shelving brink for rest was made,

But every charm was incomplete,

For Barnham Water wants a shade.

III.

There, faint beneath the fervid sun,

I gaz'd in ruminating mood ;

For who can see the current run

And snatch no feast of mental food ?

“ Keep pure thy soul,” it seem'd to say,

“ Keep that fair path by wisdom trod, ,

“ That thou may'st hope to wind thy way,

“ To fame worth boasting, and to God.”

IV.

Long and delightful was the dream,
A waking dream that Fancy yields,
Till with regret I left the stream,
And plung'd across the barren fields ;
To where of old rich abbeys smil'd
In all the pomp of gothic taste,
By fond tradition proudly styl'd,
The mighty " City in the East."

V.

Near, on a slope of burning sand,
The shepherd boys had met to play,
To hold the plains at their command,
And mark the trav'ller's leafless way.
The trav'ller with a cheerful look
Would every pining thought forbear,
If boughs but shelter'd Barnham brook
He'd stop and leave his blessing there.

VI.

The Danish mounds of partial green,
Still, as each mouldering tower decays,
Far o'er the bleak unwooded scene
Proclaim their wond'rous length of days.
My burning feet, my aching sight,
Demanded rest,—why did I weep?
The moon arose, and such a night!
Good Heav'n! it was a sin to sleep.

VII.

All rushing came thy hallow'd sighs,
Sweet Melancholy, from my breast;
“ 'Tis here that eastern greatness lies,
“ That Might, Renown, and Wisdom rest!
“ Here funeral rites the priesthood gave
“ To chiefs who sway'd prodigious powers,
“ The Bigods and the Mowbrays brave,
“ From Framlingham's imperial towers.”

VIII.

Full of the mighty deeds of yore,
I bade good night the trembling beam ;
Fancy e'en heard the battle's roar,
Of what but slaughter could I dream ?
Bless'd be that night, that trembling beam,
Peaceful excursions Fancy made ;
All night I heard the bubbling stream,
Yet, Barnham Water wants a shade.

IX.

Whatever hurts my country's fame,
When wits and mountaineers deride,
To me grows serious, for I name
My native plains and streams with pride.
No mountain charms have I to sing,
No loftier minstrel's rights invade ;
From trifles oft *my* raptures spring ;
—Sweet Barnham Water wants a shade.

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A

VISIT TO RANELAGH.

I.

To Ranelagh, once in my life,
By good-natur'd force I was driv'n ;
The nations had ceas'd their long strife,
And PEACE* beam'd her radiance from Heav'n.
What wonders were there to be found
That a clown might enjoy or disdain ?
First we trac'd the gay ring all around,
Aye—and then we went round it again.

* A grand Fete, in honour of the peace of 1802.

II.

A thousand feet rustled on mats,
A carpet that once had been green ;
Men bow'd with their outlandish hats,
With corners so fearfully keen !
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean, as slowly they pac'd,
And then—walk'd round and swept it again,

III.

The music was truly enchanting !
Right glad was I when I came near it ;
But in fashion I found I was wanting :—
'Twas the fashion to walk and not hear it !
A fine youth, as beauty beset him,
Look'd smilingly round on the train ;
“ The king's nephew,” they cried, as they met him ;
Then—we went round and met him again.

IV.

Huge paintings of Heroes and Peace

Seem'd to smile at the sound of the fiddle,

Proud to fill up each tall shining space

Round the lanthorn* that stood in the middle.

And GEORGE's head too ; Heav'n screen him !

May he finish in peace his long reign !

And what did we when we had seen him ?

Why—went round and saw him again.

V.

A bell rang, announcing new pleasures,

A crowd in an instant prest hard,

Feathers nodded, perfumes shed their treasures,

Round a door that led into the yard.

'Twas peopled all o'er in a minute,

As a white flock would cover a plain !

We had seen every soul that was in it,

Then we went round and saw them again.

* The intervals between the pillars in the centre of the Rotunda were filled up by transparent paintings.

VI.

But now came a scene worth the showing,
The fireworks ! midst laughs and huzzas,
With explosions the sky was all glowing,
Then down stream'd a million of stars ;
With a rush the bright rockets ascended,
Wheels spurted blue fires like a rain ;
We turn'd with regret when 'twas ended,
Then—star'd at each other again.

VII.

There thousands of gay lamps aspir'd
To the tops of the trees and beyond ;
And, what was most hugely admir'd,
They look'd all up-side-down in a pond !
The blaze scarce an eagle could bear ;
And an owl had most surely been slain ;
We return'd to the circle, and there——
And there we went round it again,

VIII.

'Tis not wisdom to love without reason,

Or to censure without knowing why :

I had witness'd no crime, nor no treason,

“ O life, 'tis thy picture,” said I.

'Tis just thus we saunter along,

Months and years bring their pleasure or pain ;

We sigh midst the *right* and the *wrong* :

—And then *we go round them again !*

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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THE
WOODLAND HALLÓ.

(PERHAPS) ADAPTED FOR MUSIC.

I.

In our cottage, that peeps from the skirts of the wood,
I am mistress, no mother have I ;
Yet blithe are my days, for my father is good,
And kind is my lover hard by ;
They both work together beneath the green shade,
Both woodmen, my father and Joe :
Where I've listen'd whole hours to the echo that made
So much of a laugh or—Halló.

II.

From my basket at noon they expect their supply,
And with joy from my threshold I spring ;
For the woodlands I love, and the oaks waving high,
And Echo that sings as I sing.
Though deep shades delight me, yet love is my food,
As I call the dear name of my Joe ;
His musical shout is the pride of the wood,
And my heart leaps to hear the—Halló.

III.

Simple flowers of the grove, little birds live at ease,
I wish not to wander from you ;
I'll still dwell beneath the deep roar of your trees,
For I know that my Joe will be true.
The trill of the robin, the coo of the dove,
Are charms that I'll never forego ;
But resting through life on the bosom of love,
Will remember the Woodland Halló.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN ON THE RATIFICATION OF THE PRELIMINARIES,

IN 1802.

I.

HALT! ye Legions, sheathe your Steel:

Blood grows precious; shed no more:

Cease your toils; your wounds to heal,

Lo! beams of Mercy reach the shore!

From Realms of everlasting light

The favour'd guest of Heaven is come:

Prostrate your Banners at the sight,

And bear the glorious tidings home.

II.

The plunging corpse, with half-clos'd eyes,
No more shall stain th' unconscious brine;
Yon pendant gay that streaming flies,
Around its idle Staff shall twine.
Behold! along th' ethereal sky
Her beams o'er conquering Navies spread;
Peace! Peace! the leaping Sailors cry,
With shouts that might arouse the dead.

III.

Then forth Britannia's thunder pours;
A vast reiterated sound!
From Line to Line the Cannon roars,
And spreads the blazing joy around.
Return, ye brave! your Country calls;
Return, return, your task is done:
While here the tear of transport falls,
To grace your Laurels nobly won.

IV.

Albion Cliffs—from age to age,
That bear the roaring storms of Heaven,
Did ever fiercer Warfare rage,
Was ever Peace more timely given?
Wake, sounds of Joy! rouse, generous Isle!
Let every patriot bosom glow.
Beauty, resume thy wonted smile,
And, Poverty, thy cheerful brow.

V.

Boast, Britain, of thy glorious Guests;
Peace, Wealth, and Commerce, all thine own
Still on contented Labour rests
The basis of a lasting Throne.
Shout, Poverty! 'tis Heaven that saves;
Protected Wealth, the chorus raise,
Ruler of War, of Winds, and Waves,
Accept a prostrate Nation's praise.

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LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT CLARE-HALL, HERTS,

JUNE, 1804.

I.

WELCOME silence! welcome peace!

O most welcome, holy shade!

Thus I prove, as years increase,

My heart and soul for quiet made.

Thus I fix my firm belief

While rapture's gushing tears descend,

That every flower and every leaf

Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

II.

I would not for a world of gold
That Nature's lovely face should tire ;
Fountain of blessings yet untold ;
Pure source of intellectual fire !
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquicken'd midst the world's rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life.

III.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy ;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.
I grant that summer heats will burn,
That keen will come the frosty night ;
But both shall please : and each in turn
Yield Reason's most supreme delight.

IV.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
To Rural Gods, or prostrate fall ;
Did I not see, did I not feel,
That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.
O Heaven permit that I may lie
Where o'er my corse green branches wave ;
And those who from life's tumult fly
With kindred feelings press my grave.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

~~~~~  
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